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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Mauve Decade

THE muse of history is the coyest of them all. She can be courted with rhetoric, assailed by figures, walled-in by facts, psycho-analyzed, and yet in the end a little imagination may succeed where hard labor has failed. Upon the Funeral Speech of Pericles, as reported by Thucydides, rests our most vivid idea of Greece, and there is more essential American history in Whitman's 1855 Preface to "The Leaves of Grass" than in Bancroft, Fiske, and Rhodes, more, that is, of the history that will be remembered as significant when the United States is a term of the past.

Thomas Beer has turned a flashlight upon history in his "The Mauve Decade."* This brilliant and curious study of the late '80s and the '90s is not history at all in any recognized classification, but rather impressionistic literature in which, facet by facet, the form and pressure of a period are put together and made to sparkle from every angle. It is a glittering line of life on which politicians, prostitutes, financiers, reforming women, wars, immigrations are strung upon a philosophic idea of America which is, in effect, that the purple of our heroic period was diluted into mauve in the materialistic scramble that followed the Civil War ("Mauve," said Whistler, "is just pink trying to be purple"). But it was an electric mauve.

A review of this book should applaud Mr. Beer's tireless scholarship while marveling at his method. Here is the culmination of the new way of writing narrative which began when the novelists threw over plots and the historians dropped causation in order to see life as a whirl of states of consciousness. Mr. Beer emerges as an adventurer in this school. He has entered into a prodigious notebook every item he could dig up from his period, including the kind of item which professional historians leave out. There is Maud S. and Kitty Kane, the career of Harry Thurston Peck and the Dalton Brothers, Theodore Roosevelt speculating on how to dress for a parade and Bronson Alcott exhaling in sheer wind the last of New England transcendentalism. There is Frances Willard and the impossible purity of American womanhood and the sardonic realist William Graham Sumner, there are innocuous magazine editors and impassioned private letters from Irishmen and undergraduates. And this vast notebook he has dramatized; prefaced it by a *dramatis personae* (which should be much fuller), and divided it into scenes—the terribly pure and worse flattered American woman, the Real West that was never quite approved of, Depravity (which wasn't so very depraved), the Irish, the scientific realists who horrified the pious, the magazines, and those Figures of Earth who, like Hanna, Roosevelt, Elbert Hubbard, and Anna Held, beautifully realized the decade. These people talk, confess, are characterized in epigrams often brilliant; they vibrate against the vast ground of the notebook. The reader born in the '90s will often be confused; his elder will catch many allusions, miss others. The book indeed is too clever. But it is the very antithesis of textbook explanation. The philosophy of decadence is all implicit; the shifting scenes are full of hurry and babble as in life; the character portraits flash one after another so quickly that it is hard to see what they stand for, as with a roomful of chance gathered celebrities. No one will get much out of Thomas Beer's book unless he has been much alive himself or is much interested in living. Yet this is the art of the moving picture and its technique applied to history. The book is a news reel, organized by captions, arranged to show the turns and twists of a decaying civilization, but always the pictures (as in a news reel) are the thing. You can take the moral or leave it.

Obscure sometimes, too clever often, this book nevertheless shows what has been wrong with the writing of American history and wrong with the study of American literature. Too impressionistic for a final account, too inconsecutive for easy reading, too full of brilliant epigrams to be altogether true, it demonstrates the failure of soberer writers to get at the truth with their laborious progressions of cause and effect.

The vitality of America in the later nineteenth century is not often in its single figures, who are usually raw and unfinished beside their European contemporaries, nor in its statecraft, steel mills, social organization, conquests. It is to be found in the abounding vigor and variety of life itself spread through so many vivacious people, bubbling to meet such abundant opportunities, shared by more in-

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*The Mauve Decade: American Life at the End of the Nineteenth Century. By Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Cotton-Mouth

By LEONARD BACON

HERE I lie coiled
In the swampy grass where the pink orchids are.
Go slow, you with the eyes that seek a star.
Watch where you tread.
I am Death and am not dead.
I am hidden and when I like
May strike.
And when at the time and place
Up from the shadow I dart,
You will suddenly start
And terror will bleach your face
And numbness sicken your heart
And my black eye shall brighten in the sun
As the venom begins to stun.
Turn from the star to the weed
Where the orchids hang.
Mine is a fearful fang.
Take heed.

This Week

"A Chinese Mirror." Reviewed by *Isidor Schneider.*
"Howard Pyle." Reviewed by *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.*
"Virgin Spain." Reviewed by *Ernest Peixotto.*
"Tales of Fishing in Virgin Seas." Reviewed by *F. G. Dellenbaugh.*
"Rendezvous." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*
"Odtaa." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

Next Week or Later

The Tragic Philosophy. By *Charles M. Bakewell.*

The Luck of Bret Harte

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

LET those who are interested in the obscure relations between effort and success in literature study the letters and the career of Francis Bret Harte.

A well-born, well-read youngster drifted into the roaring California of the 'fifties where for a year or so he was gold miner, express messenger, and a keen and excited observer of life in the high Sierras. With this excellent literary capital in his head he turned to journalism and after ten years or so of not very brilliant practice brought his imagination to fruiting in a few stories—"The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner"—and a poem, "The Heathen Chinee"—which gave him an immediate and an international reputation. On this reputation he lived, or rather struggled, for the rest of his life. He never again wrote well enough to increase it, though never so badly as to lower it, and almost all of his later work, doggedly pursued through thirty years, was drawn from this same rich, but narrow, bed of California gold which never again yielded such nuggets as the "Luck." It was as if Harte's beloved author, Charles Dickens, had written of Pickwick for a lifetime.

It has been difficult to understand this curious history of a man who displayed such marked originality that the whole school of the local-color short story sprang from his loins. Kipling learned his art from him; O. Henry is his follower, often his imitator; the American yarn, which, with its peculiar exaggerations and its humane humor, has been the basis of most of the best American short stories, owes its literary life to him as much as to Mark Twain. Waves of influence run from the man, and indeed the literary West may be said to have founded itself upon the imagination of Bret Harte.

* * *

None of the obvious explanations of his later sterility satisfy. It is true that Harte's observation was never deep. His strength was in rich sentiment, in sharp contrasts of noble hearts in wicked bodies and gentle manners in a rough wilderness, most of all in what Thomas Beer calls his "stencilled portraits," as neat and memorable as the face of a coin. He belonged to the age of Kingsley, of Dickens, of Charles Reade, and had no strength to meet to the change of taste toward a more exigent realism which came in the later century. Miss Wilkins and Henry James and Howells puzzled and distressed him. But this is no answer. There has never been a year since 1868 when such a story as "The Luck of Roaring Camp" would not have made a huge success. If he had continued in his own vein, but with fresh material, he would have carried taste with him. Nor is it probable that he lost virility because he left the West. This melancholy cosmopolitan, who left America in 1878 because he could not support himself here by writing, and never returned, remained stubbornly American throughout. He liked specific Englishmen and Englishwomen but never England and its ways. He stayed after he lost his Glasgow consulate in order to be near a market which paid him approximately twice the rates for short fiction in the pre-advertising days of America. But he was not a native son of California, and it is nonsense to suppose that his genius wilted when they brought him East.

*The Letters of Bret Harte. Edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $5.

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Civilized California he heartily disliked. His ties with the West were with a brief, dead past in the high Sierras which he romanticized and remembered with a vague longing, but with no more desire to return than every man's wish to go back to his youth.

Why did not his frail but unquestioned genius wed itself to new ideas and new materials? It is an interesting critical mystery, which these new letters help to solve. They begin in 1866, when his brief Sierra period was already long behind him, but they cover the whole of his literary life. There are two strains and two stories in the letters, as distinct as if two personalities had written them. The first Harte writes the long series of letters to his wife. They were married in 1862; she shared his early hardships, his first triumph, his disastrous attempt to realize upon success. Then, in debt and unable to support his family, he left her for his consulate in Crefeld, and thereafter writes of his financial difficulties, his ill health, his desire, which never quite reached accomplishment, to rejoin her, of his literary work as a slave might write of a distasteful but necessary task, and so in an unchanging vein of worry until his death. In these often affectionate but always petulant letters, you see the typical mind of the humanitarian, gentle, pessimistic, overwrought, emptied daily of its sentiment and humor for the benefit of the public. Thomas Hood, also a humanitarian and a humorist, also exiled to Germany, wrote such letters a generation earlier. He also worked his fingers to the bone and got nowhere, living on a reputation which just sustained him. Only the realists, like Howells, Hardy, Meredith, seem to be happy in their private life. They have discharged their sorrow elsewhere.

The other letters are chiefly to Harte's English friends, his illustrator, Boyd, his hosts and hostesses among the English aristocracy, who liked him at first because he was a California rarity, and afterwards for himself, and to others of a narrow but well-loved circle. These are—just letters, rather charming, sometimes clever, but such as a man of not one-quarter of his literary talent might have written, and absolutely unrevealing except for an occasional literary reference which shows what a confirmed romantic sentimentalist the man was, how he hated "gloom" and unhappy endings, and everything that was not "wholesome" in literature, and how carefully his own stories were constructed to be what "nice" people might like.

* * *

I draw two conclusions from the letters. First, that Bret Harte as a man has been misunderstood by both his enemies and his friends. By his enemies he has been accused of running from his wife and his country, whereas it is clear that he stayed abroad because he could not sell his wares at home, and that never in his twenty-four years of residence there did he have financial assurance good for three months ahead. By his friends and by himself he has been regarded as a martyr. He was a martyr to ill health, but not otherwise. It is quite evident that Harte, as he says himself, was an anchorite, an anchorite who liked the best company when he emerged from his hermitage. He had to work unceasingly in increasing ill health, and—he did not wish to be bothered with his family. What a panic he is in when they propose to come abroad to join him! What excuses he makes, all good, but the best, that his plans will be disarranged. How carefully he abstains from living with his wife, or even seeing too much of her, when she finally comes to England to live with their son. It is a situation more delicate than even the modern novelist handles, for both parties seem to have been unaware of its true nature. She was not thrifty; he was absorbed in his own grievances, best assuaged by his pleasant friendships, his week-ends in great houses, his easy familiarity with the great world, all difficult in England for a poor man with a wife and an establishment to keep up. And never once does the whole truth slip into the letters. For Harte was not a realist, and the romanticist, who can shape things to his own liking in literature, may be helpless in the complications of his personal life.

The explanation of Bret Harte's failure to capitalize success may be deduced from this life history. He had a rich fancy and a humor close to tears. With a good subject this was enough to go on. California of the fifties—the rough prospectors who in that masculine world were, and still are, sentimental, the death always waiting in life, the hazard of riches everywhere, beauty above and around, the unexpected wherever sought—California was a prize for such a writer as he. But the man had no real philosophy in him, no deep knowledge nor even interest in human nature. He was self-centered, and his romantic inner visions were pallid when projected into any world that was not itself romantic. In short, Harte played out like his own gold fields, and for exactly the same reason. The sands were worked too often, and in him there was no new and deeper gold. This does not detract from the validity of his early bonanza. Time, place, and man did meet in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." But genius cannot hope to meet opportunity on the same street corner for thirty years on end!

Why then did he not turn from California, and find new romance in Washington, Crefeld, Glasgow, London? It is not enough to say that he could not find new inspirations for a genius limited to the romantic and the picturesque; he might have never gilded another land as he gilded California, but a careful, conscientious artist such as he should have done at least as well as the lazy O. Henry, who turned so readily from the West to New York. The letters show that he was not permitted. They are excellent testimony to the difficulties of literary life before advertising made short stories an essential commodity. It must be remembered that Harte was a short-story writer, not a successful novelist or playwright. He was, therefore, essentially a writer for periodicals, and his capital was used up as fast as it was produced. He was for a while the premier short-story writer in the English market, and yet his stories, once paid for, died, for his books apparently never sold well enough to help his meagre income. He was bound to the wheel of the months. This is the reason why he never broadened his success. The Golden West was his specialty and the Golden West has always been a prime commodity in England. For the author of "The Luck," a California story was sure fire, and he had to sell his story!

A very pretty argument could be drawn from this to prove that editors throttle literature. There is a valid argument that Bret Harte's talent was starved and attenuated. If he had not been driven into writing his heart out weekly, he would never have had to take consulships abroad in the prime of his life. If he had been better paid in America he would have been able to live at home. If he had lived at home, he would surely have found fresh material in the vivid stirrings of the 'eighties and 'nineties, for it was only America (in spite of his grievances) that stirred his imagination, excited him, Europe was always merely foreign to him, and there he was never more than a listless observer, no Englishman even meant more than a pleasant companion to his patriotic soul. If he had lived where life touched him, he would have found new themes, and the pressure to draw from that single year of vividness in California would have relaxed. With the ready financial success of the current writer of popular short stories, he would have much extended the scope of his fame. He would, I think, have rivalled in the 'eighties the popular success of Kipling in the 'nineties. Less rich in genius, he had as sure a touch upon interest, until repetition spoiled him.

Yet from the standpoint of pure literature, I believe that we have lost only quantity, not quality. We should have had a series of volumes with as much variety as O. Henry's and a far higher level of workmanship. But we should have had nothing better than, and probably nothing so good as, "The Luck." Stevenson could not repeat "Treasure Island," but Stevenson had a turn for character that Harte did not possess, and was making a new novelist of himself in "The Weir of Hermiston." Bret Harte was a one-book man. His genius was real, but it had only one rich pocket. He, poor fellow, was born too late for romance, too early for easy popularity. He lived on the peaks for a year and wrote at his best for a little longer—and we have the best of him.

Anatole le Braz, the bard of Brittany, lecturer and authority on Celtic folklore, who has been compared to such Breton writers as Chateaubriand and Renan, is dead here. He was sixty-seven years old. He published in all more than twenty volumes, most of which were crowned by the French Academy, and in recognition of his ability he was selected by the French Government for more than twenty foreign missions.

The Real China

A CHINESE MIRROR. By FLORENCE AYSCOUGH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

"FURTHERMORE," writes an English resident from Shanghai in the London *Spectator* for January 9th, "An American marine very correctly shot dead a Chinaman here during a small riot, but not a word has been said about that."

The gentleman wrote in defense of British murder. He assured his readers that it was all for the benefit of the Chinese. This is one type of Western outlook—the seeing of exploiters who are hacking at the edge of China like pioneers clearing a forest and are exasperated by the toughness of the human timber.

In the columns of the newspapers and the journals of opinions of all sorts, the names of Chang Tso Lin, Christian Feng Yu Hsiang, Kuo Sun Lin, Wu Pei Fu, etc., glitter in the headlines. Knowing articles and editorials speak of China as a duelling ground for Russia and Japan, or Russia and England. For those who read of these things there is something of the titillation of being in on a vast intrigue,—heaven preserve them to remember the futility and nonsense of it.

Of such things—is the common Western knowledge of China made. The rare interested reader, cons his "Marco Polo," his manuals of Oriental art, and the available translations of China's poetry and learns enough to know that he knows nothing until he can get to China. "A Chinese Mirror" is the first writing I have found that enables one to live in China satisfyingly by book.

Because it tells of living in China. Mrs. Ayscough lived there for twenty-five years. She did not stay in Shanghai, in the pitiful colonial society of the foreign quarter which takes out in insolence to the natives its ridiculous humility before the distant Londons, Parises, Lisbons, and New Yorks. She built a Chinese house to live in, and the story of its building is a joy to read. The ceremonial at its completion, as Mrs. Ayscough describes it, gave me a palpable feeling of participation. In the same way she writes of her voyage up the Yang Tse Chiang, her adventure in unravelling the symbolism of the Purple Forbidden City in Peking, the plotting of a garden, the ascent of the sacred Mountain T'ai-Shan, the research into the cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Wallo and City Moats.

* * *

As Chinese as the Chinese in her reverence and pleasure in books, she learns and teaches much by recourse to the literature of China. Readers who have been grateful to Mrs. Ayscough for her translations (done in collaboration with Amy Lowell) in "Fir Flower Tablets," will have another debt to acknowledge in the beautiful translations scattered through the book—translations that are all the more vivid by their relevance to the context. Words, symbol, history have become warm, human, touchable. Stuff of the mind has been given mobile substance. She lives, and for the hours of reading, she enables you to live the civilization of China.

For me one of the chief pleasures the book affords is its exposition of Nature as felt by the Chinese. Nature is grand, beautiful, and good—not the battleground of the struggle for existence. The delight in Nature is more sincere, wholesome, and complete in Chinese art than in any other art I have encountered. In her translations, in her chapters on the housebuilding, her river voyage, her climbing of T'ai Shan, and on the Chinese garden, Mrs. Ayscough gives us lovely and eloquent visions. It is one of Mrs. Ayscough's distinctions that nowhere in her book does the comparative force attention. There is no comparison with Western civilization. If the reader finds comparisons necessary he must make them himself.

"A Chinese Mirror" is one of the best books in English on China that one can get. It is written out of a long and full experience, by a mind sensitive, graceful, patient, intelligent, and enthusiastic. It is a book that succeeds, as few books do, in making a transfer of experience from writer to reader. The thorough reader will be thankful for the maps, the index, the historical synopsis at the end. The illustrations are excellent.

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A Great Illustrator

HOWARD PYLE. By CHARLES D. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THIS life of the greatest American illustrator gives all the material necessary for an appreciation, and the numerous illustrations, many in color, represent all the stages of an illustrious career. But the chronicle, as it is modestly called, is loosely knit about material chosen without much sense of importance or proportion. It is rather a biography to read about in than to read consecutively. However the reading about is rewarding. One has to do with a robust good sense and fine warm-heartedness, reinforced by an extraordinary industry and graced by a quiet mysticism.

Born in Wilmington, Del., in 1853, Pyle drifted to New York with a pocket full of manuscripts, and there naturally entered the circle of those talented young painters who had returned from Europe to make all things new—Chase, Weir, Shirlaw. The year was 1876. Into the thirty-four years before his untimely death, in 1910, Pyle was to pack thousands of carefully studied illustrations, nineteen books written and illustrated by himself, many magazine articles, fourteen mural paintings, several easel pictures, and much unsparing effort as a teacher.

Practically all this work was historical. Indeed, by a curious parodox, the free spirit that was Howard Pyle conformed very closely to that programme of historical painting which Benjamin West had drawn from the famous "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the parallel should not be overemphasized. Pyle's history was racy and idiomatic. He studied sites, consulted survivals, knew Colonial costume to a button. Moreover he was free from exotic influences, never went to Europe till he was old. What he needed of competent painting he drew from the example of such fine executants as Shirlaw, Chase, and Weir, but with a more robust color sense than any of them. When he sought out an European affinity, as he did enthusiastically in Düer of the woodcuts, it was again a master in the popular tradition, a self-made master outside the classicing schools.

* * *

Howard Pyle's work may most simply be divided into American history usually executed in tone or color, mediæval legend interpreted in pen drawings, and Saga material illustrated in color. The division also corresponds fairly with the order of his development. For his American subjects he habitually used complete pictorial methods, monochrome or color wash. Here he was dealing with actualities, and with that insight which was innate he felt that abstract methods were out of place. His mood in this vein was grave and determined, the fervent archæologist reinforcing the genuine patriot. Typical of this mood is the admirable illustration of his own "Buccaneers," 1887. No other designer has so well caught the ferocity of the type and the gusto of the life criminal, and his splendid wash drawings were worthily reproduced by the best white-line wood-engravers of the moment. Materially this is perhaps his most desirable book, at least from the collector's standpoint. Ten years later when Pyle was illustrating the late Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington" and "History of the American People" the designs were equally meritorious, but everything was levelled out by the half-tone process. It is dignified and understanding work guided by sympathy for personality, grasp of situation, and reverence for the great past of the nation. Indeed Pyle's design generally must be interpreted as the externalizing of experiences that, broadly speaking, are moral. No enumeration of the early American illustrations is possible. Notable are those for Henry Cabot Lodge's "History of the American Revolution," and for the stories of Margaret Deland, and the novels of Weir Mitchell. Concerning the illustrations for "Hugh Wynne," which were the occasion of friendly difference with the author, Pyle defined his notion of the illustrator's task:

> It has always seemed to me to be better to chose for an illustration some point, if possible, not mentioned directly in the text but very descriptive of the text.

This ideal of illustration as visual accompaniment, parallel with but not precisely corresponding to the text, he carried further in his pictures for poetry, W. D. Howells's "Stops of Many Quills," Oliver Wendell Holmes's "One Hoss Shay," and many a casual masterpiece lost in the magazines of the 1890's. And for such abstract and fanciful themes he chose an abstract method, the pen line. It was to serve him well in his revival of mediæval romance and folklore.

By 1879 Howard Pyle had made a solid name for himself in New York. At twenty-six he was glad to return to marriage and residence in his native Wilmington. There he was to spend most of the rest of his life amid old books and old friends, gathering gradually about him an elect company of disciples. His friends at long range help define his own character. They were massive folk—W. D. Howells, Frederick Remington, Theodore Roosevelt. For a matter of fourteen years, while he continued his American work, Howard Pyle's personal concern was with those mediæval themes which he both wrote and illustrated and upon which his permanent fame is likely to rest. "Robin Hood" appeared in 1883, "The Wonder Clock" five years later, the first book on King Arthur, in 1903, followed by three others.

In all of these he employed a bold pen line, rich, vigorous, expressive, picturesque. It was in a sense a revival of the manner of the Dürer woodcuts as the critics have pointed out. But there was nothing copyistic about the word. Pyle drew as Dürer might

Original Pen and Ink Drawing of Himself by Robbert Louis Stevenson.

have drawn if he had not been obliged to consider that all must be rendered by a knife whittling at a plank. Plye commanded the new resources of process fascimile and could allow himself elaborations that were forbidden to the master of Nuremburg. Yet the note of the work is discretion; it is both conservative and powerful. Pyle caught not merely the energy and variety of mediæval legend, but also its broad and genial humor. These are perhaps the best modern books as illustration and decoration, for we must exclude from the comparison perhaps still finer books executed in mediums and styles which are not of our age. A bibliophile will be inclined to regret that one of the remarkable wood-engravers who cut the blocks for "The Buccaneers" could not have done a similar service for one of the mediæval books. The result would have been materially more precious. But it is enough that the "Robin Hood" won the difficult approval of William Morris, and with its successors has rejoiced a full generation of persons of taste, while delighting several generations of little ones for whom primarily these books were made. As the completest and most succinct expression of Howard Pyle's imagimative powers, these books are among the few precious legacies of our times to the history of design.

In his last years Howard Pyle painted much for the new color processes. I shall doubtless challenge dissent when I say that I take a very qualified interest in the work and find the artist rather a strong than a fine colorist. I may be here indulging a prejudice against what seems to me the vulgarity of most modern color illustrations as such. But I do feel that most of the later illustrations by Howard Pyle would have been more effective in black and white. I feel too that his invention ran loose in his latest years. There is a Böcklinesque exuberance in his Saga subjects that is alien to the Spartan manner of the sagas themselves. Perhaps, as Howard Pyle's physical powers were rapidly waning, his creative powers also dwindled. Happily he had already given sure gages to posterity.

From Howard Pyle's correspondence much of solid wisdom may be gleaned. Take this on young Mr. Cabell: "Mr. Cabell's stories . . . are very clever, and far above the average of magazine literature, but they are neither exactly true to history nor exactly fanciful." As their illustrator, Pyle felt their irreality contagious. Since "Jurgen" and Mr. Cabell's apotheosis we have hardly improved on this eary and entirely casual divination of his hollowness. Howard Pyle's religious novel, "Rejected of Men," published in 1904, though written much earlier, was perhaps his only misfire as a writer. It is too characteristic an expression of the author's religious life to be wholly ignored. In it the life of Christ is transposed quite literally into modern terms, ending not on the cross but in the electric chair. He is seen through the eyes of the modern Pharisees as he was seen through the eyes of their predecessors in Jerusalem. He is the enemy of the existing order. Society protects itself by a kind of logical necessity. What Howard Pyle as a profoundly religious person meant is that the world always curifies its Christs. It was his bitter criticism of the world as it is. But he so honestly drew the attitude of the world that he seemed to portray a sinister and lovely Christ. Thus the book somewhat shocked the few devout who read it, while failing to attract the radicals.

All the same it is a capital document for what was smouldering under the robust and genial surface of Howard Pyle. It seems to explain why, with his extraordinary powers of pictorial realization, he so seldom occupied himself with contemporary themes. It suggests that his preoccupation with our heroic past, with the frank diabolism of the buccaneers and the boundless legendary of the Middle Ages was in the nature of an escape. And this of course ranges Howard Pyle with the romantic artists. Of the sort in America only Ryder comes into the comparison, and while he touched greater heights, he lacked the athleticism of Howard Pyle and that popularity which made Pyle perhaps the most useful and influential American artist of his times.

The Soul of Spain

VIRGIN SPAIN. By WALDO FRANK. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST PEIXOTTO

WITHOUT a doubt, Waldo Frank has put deep thought and much travail into his new book. Through years of contact with the Spanish people (he dates his book 1921-25) he has been able to gain a really profound insight into the souls—the "spiritual drama," as he calls it—of this most reticent of peoples. Had Havelock Ellis not already pre-empted the title "The Soul of Spain," Waldo Frank might well have used it, for, though there are many vivid descriptions of the natural beauties of the country and of its architecture, the book is chiefly concerned with the people, their aspirations, their art, and their literature, and its author has come to understand and appreciate a civilization based on very different standards from our own.

Waldo Frank enters Spain from the south with Islam. He points the essential differences between Arab and Moor; he tells what Spain did to Islam. He gives the mood of the cities of Andalusia: Cordoba "the eye within the face of Spain," Granada with its "soulless Al-Hambra" and its Al-Baicin "groveling within an ancient molder of walls," Seville, "auto-erotic, self rapt goddess," and he describes with true insight, the much misunderstood Spanish dances.

Then he takes a great jump and enters Spain again from the north, this time through Leon and Aragon. His language becomes hard, incisive, "cold in the neutral tint of the Sierra." He takes you to Salamanca where

> the streets climb up through the mud. Walls crumble with the hillside under the town. An ancient church stands on the bank surrounded by the mire; and houses, foul with age, their carved seals moldered, limp like proud beggars up the sharp incline.

And then to Toledo, whose

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streets are stone veins imbedded. The Alcázar is a higher rock above the rocky huddle of the town: its rectangular loom is a peak of the mountain, polished by the sun.

He has an admirable chapter on El Greco, whose work, as he sees it, with his modernist's eye,

is the crowning plastic of the West. More and more, as the walls of his stiff world molded, El Greco is seen to express not alone Toledo, not Spain alone, but the Christian Synthesis of Europe at its highest luminous pitch. . . . So now the flowing of El Greco's forms. Massing colors, thrusting shapes, parabolas of expression round spherically into a balance *without an outlet.*

Velasquez, on the other hand, in another chapter, takes his place as a realist, a literal receiver of impressions, as against a creator of expressions.

Some of the most interesting chapters of the book are devoted to the mystics of Spain, the development of its books of chivalry and of the picaro, "an anarch, an outlaw, a true element in Spanish culture," and a longer one dwells upon the "Will of Don Quixote," "the old knight who rode La Mancha on a bony nag, with a barber's dish on his brow and in his head a neo-platonic vision."

With rare insight and feeling, Mr. Frank describes the Bull Fight, "an art so profound and dangerous that the masterwork is rare, even as in other æsthetic fields. . . . In the corrida, all the desires which history has bred and then denied an issue, find an issue. . . . For too many ages has the Spaniard lived on war to be able to do without it."

In his chapter devoted to women, he says

Women are most clamorous for "rights" in lands where culturally they have counted least. Witness England and the United States where for all her liberties, woman is spiritually sterile. In contrast witness France where women are the subtle partners of all deep events; or matriarchal Spain in which suffragists are as rare as they would be superfluous.

Spain, to him, is a land of contrasts: "a desert—and garden; flat plain—and mountain; great heat—and winter. . . . In her pageant of extremes, Spain's Middle Class is crowded out. The land has warriors and beggars; notables and rascals; saints and scoundrels. Charity is practiced with the sword and the mystic walks with the thief. Santa Teresa answers La Celestina. Don Quixote sallies forth with Sancho Panza.

And again: "Spain is a dark soul. Sun is a flame in her land and her land is a storm of color. But the soul of Spain is neither sun nor storm. It is neither gayety nor grief. It is a dark contentment midway between ecstasy and sleep."

Despite certain repetitions, despite language that at times is overdrawn and over emphatic, and at times abstruse and almost incoherent,—or, perhaps, rather because of this vivid color in his words, his book is instinct with life, vivid, clean-cut, and at times as baffling as a modernistic picture.

Fishing Adventures

TALES OF FISHING IN VIRGIN SEAS. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh
Author of "Breaking the Wilderness"

FIVE hundred miles westerly from Panama, a tiny dot in the immeasurable expanse of the Pacific Ocean, rises from the uttermost depths Cocos Island, one of the most out-of-the-way places on the globe.

Surrounded by fathomless deeps it offers an irresistable attraction to the sporting fisherman, but few are able to go there. Zane Grey is one of the fortunate few. This sumptuous account of that cruise makes a book that will interest and delight every lover of clean sport with no side issue. "The most ambitious and hazardous and the most fascinating adventure," declares the author, that he had ever planned.

To accomplish his adventure Zane Grey in 1924 bought in Nova Scotia a staunch three-masted schooner, 190 feet long which he renamed the *Fisherman.* She had two powerful driving engines using oil fuel of which she carried 5,000 gallons. There were 5,000 gallons of water and 500 of gasoline, three good launches, and "every kind of tackle that money could buy or ingenuity devise." The equipment and supplies were perfect.

With his young son Romer, who took to the adventure with alarming energy and enthusiasm, some friends and servants, and a good crew the vessel departed from Balboa January 30th, 1925 heading directly for the lonely Cocos Island—the "ideal pirate islands," he says, "where many have gone to seek treasure and found it not." Yet it is believed that one cache of some $12,000,000 may some day reward some persevering treasure hunter.

But Zane Grey was not after any golden treasure; he was seeking those treasures of the sea that are more precious to the true sportsman; tuna, sharks, sailfish, and so on, captured with tackle, giving them a fair chance in a fair battle against human skill.

* * *

Notwithstanding his perfect plans and great desire he confesses to being somewhat appalled when at last he dropped anchor in one of the bays of Cocos—appalled by the sense of isolation and the responsibility for the safety of his party. But nevertheless the sport went on.

The wildness and loveliness of the place seemed infinitely soul-satisfying to me and I cared for nothing but to look and listen and feel apart from any companions. There gleamed the vast Pacific and behind loomed Cocos Island, one of the lost places at the end of the world.

There speaks the artist as well as the sportsman and throughout these entertaining pages one finds the two mingled.

One of the author's youthful dreams was just this adventure in a "beautiful white ship with sails like wings" sailing into lonely tropic seas—a dream come true.

The waters around Cocos exhibited the terrific battle that never ceases among the denizens of the deep—a battle which landsmen know little about. There were multitudes of sharks, for example, sharks of many kinds, and when a fish was hooked if it was not immediately hauled in it became fodder for the sharks and vanished from the line.

An interesting and grewsome sight was presented when Bob, after dismembering one shark I had caught, tumbled the bloody carcass back into the water. It sank. A cloud of blood spread like smoke. Then I watched a performance that beggared description. Sharks came thick upon the scene from everywhere, some far down seemed as long as our boat. They massed around the carcass of their slain comrade and a terrible battle ensued. Such swift action, such ferocity, such unparalleled instinct to kill and eat.

The slaying of one life to support another which has gone on through the ages.

Besides sport with sharks there were tussles with huge tuna, dolphins, sail-fish, etc., coloring each day with its full spread of conquering fire, not only at Cocos—but at the Galápagos group to which the *Fisherman* sailed from Cocos—"World's End" as Beebe calls them. Thence to the Perlas Islands and the Central American and California coasts.

* * *

Off Cape St. Lucas Romer caught an Allison tuna of 184 pounds, as big as himself and weighing much more; a fine illustration of the power of intelligence against brute force. His father then caught one weighing 318 pounds and the market fishermen frequently take even larger ones; one that got away was estimated to be nearly ten feet long. The sailfish offered excellent sport. Three caught in one day ranged from 109 to 118 pounds. Capturing fish of such weight and power with rod, reel, and line is a masterful accomplishment. It means often several hours of the hardest kind of work—in one case Zane Grey fought more than four hours against a huge Marlin swordfish and then his double line broke!

The book is admirably printed, contains a large number of excellent plates, and altogether is a volume that any fisherman will read with sympathy and admiration; it is truly a record of sport for sport's sake.

There is only one drawback—there was no scientist on the trip. It was planned to take one but he was compelled to give up going, almost at the last moment.

By a happy coincidence the London *Graphic* has been able to publish, on the exact anniversary of the setting out from York in 1863 of Robert Louis Stevenson, with his father and mother and his nurse, Cummy, an account of a pilgrimage to the Riviera. The journey was recorded in a diary of some 33,000 words, written by Cummy, which has recently come into the possession of R. T. Skinner of Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh, and will soon be published in book form. It makes a most interesting addition to Stevensonia, not least because of the drawings by Stevenson.

A Woman's Life

RENDEZVOUS. By Elizabeth Finley Thomas. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

HERE, told in the first person, is a novel covering fifty years of a woman's life and constructing a background through which pass the manners, fashions, and personalities of five decades. It is a novel of love and a novel of society; and it comes down, as it almost must by dealing with both, to the struggle of love against the disenchantments of a world perhaps more fatal than any other to the course of love. The world itself is exactly that of Mrs. Wharton, a world which seems trivial, which nobody except Balzac and Tolstoy and one or two others has found susceptible of greater returns than irony, and which Mrs. Thomas has pictured with detailed meaninglessness.

The world dominates the book; yet Mrs. Thomas has aimed to emphasize the woman who shares that world. In Effie Carrington, the narrator, she has tried to create a human being and describe the fortunes of love. Childhood in New Haven, girlhood in Paris, womanhood in New York: life first in the House of Affection, then in the House of Passion with an aunt who is a nobleman's mistress, finally in the House of Love, where a marriage is slowly drained of its happiness. But that marriage has given her a son who conceives his dead imperfect father to have been perfect, and whose conception demands that she renounce the real love which comes to her. She finds ultimate happiness in renunciation, but it seems like a piece of literary sentimentality.

"Rendezvous" can nowhere claim distinction. However like them it may seem to be on the surface, next to the best of Mrs. Wharton's novels it falls down badly; indeed, it reveals the level at which Mrs. Wharton's novels would stand without their style, their form, their perfect comprehension of a class, their irony. The jacket is right in saying we are one with the woman who tells the story—we proceed through life with her, understand her, sometimes find her human. But that is all. She is unimportant; her story, beyond its unimportance in life, is unimportant in fiction. The background makes the book extremely readable, but completely lacks character and is often inaccurate. Mrs. Thomas leaves a trivial world trivial, and makes her love story a conventional sentiment of fiction.

With Compensations

ODTAA. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THIS new novel by Masefield is neither so good nor so bad as his previous one, "Sard Harker." For all Highworth Ridden's hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures upon his mission, and despite some passages of remarkable description, some extremely vivid writing, some effectively eerie episodes, the story of his baffled quest does not equal the tale of Sard's passage of the high Sierra. On the other hand, the ending is convincing, whereas the ending of "Sard Harker" was preposterous melodrama.

In structure "Odtaa" does not satisfy us. The main body of the narrative is the description of Ridden's unsuccessful riding for his lady. They are Whites, in the internecine strife of White and Reds in an imaginary Santa Barbara, "the most leeward of the Sugar States." Ridden is a youth from England, sent to South America by his father. He visits his father's friends, the Piranhas, and meets the superbly legendary Carlotta de Leyva. He finds himself involved immediately in the White revolt against the intolerable tyranny of the Red dictator,

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Don Lopez, who suffers from extreme megalomania and would make himself God. Before the first third of the book has advanced, Highworth Ridden is starting out to carry the news of Carlotta de Leyva's capture by the Reds to her fiancé, Don Manuel of Encinitas. The remainder of the book is the account of his escapes by flood and field. He is finally brought back to the city of Santa Barbara at the moment of the triumph of the Reds. There the book ends. What became of Carlotta de Leyva, of Don Manuel and his army, of Donna Emilia Piranha and her daughter Rosa, and of various other minor characters in the story is all forced into "Appendices and Notes" at the end of the book. These supplement the first fifteen pages of "Odtaa" which describe in rather dry historical fashion the chief persons and the political situation in the Sugar States of South America, to say nothing of the topography of the country. The effect intended is doubtless to convey the impression that this fiction is actually founded upon local history and legend, an effect damaged, however, by the usual exasperating English affidavit at the end of the book, "The persons and events described in this story are imaginary; etc."

No,—such devices seem clumsily managed, the book's structure ill-proportioned. This matter of structure is the more annoying because certain characters enter the tale who usurp our interest to an unwarranted extent. They are quite extraneous, and yet their story becomes of more importance in reminiscence than that of Highworth or the marvelous Carlotta, or the Piranhas, or Don Lopez and Don Manuel. Such are the strange murderous Englishman, Letcombe-Bassett and his murdered friend Wigmore. In the account of Highworth's meeting with and escape from the former there is some really masterful writing.

* * *

Readers of "Sard Harker" will recall mention of Carlotta de Leyva and her fate, and of the monstrous Don Lopez and his son, Don José. In the introductory mention of Don Manuel in "Odtaa," the name of Rafael Hirsh occurs, that villain magician who was, as one might say, the Fu Manchu of the melodramtic climax of "Sard Harker." The South American scene is background for both books. The time of "Odtaa" 1887. The sailor Masefield learned much of South America at first hand, on many voyages. Yet it seems to have exercised a rather bad influence upon his writing. His worst long poem is undoubtedly about that "old lord in the Argentine, named Rosas." In "The Daffodil Fields," in one of the least successful sections, Michael Gray herds cattle on the pampas. Yet, delving in Spanish and Portuguese literature, Masefield has made at least one superb translation of Bécquer, and has also translated sonnets by Don Francisco de Quevedo and Antonio de Ferreiro. Some of the verses at the end of "Odtaa" recall this work.

If the story of "Sard Harker" is a tale of heroic achievement, the story of Highworth Ridden in "Odtaa" is a tale of lost endeavor. One of the best novels Masefield ever wrote, perhaps the best as a whole, bore that very title, "Lost Endeavor," —and these lines from his poem on "The Wanderer" might well stand as a motto for "Odtaa"

> Life's battle is a conquest for the strong;
> The meaning shows in the defeated thing.

We may note, as we noted of "Sard Harker," a gift Masefield reasserts in "Odtaa," for the effective transcription of the speech of ordinary men. His poet's gift for beautiful and powerful nature description goes almost without saying. His visualization of the great rain coming on the savannah, of the fierce electrical storm and its lasting misery, is remarkable.

> Suddenly streaks of greyness ran like men along the ground and struck flashes with their feet. . . . On the instant, the greyness sighed into a hissing, hissed into a rushing, and rushed into a roaring.

The story goes that when Masefield was asked by his publisher for a title to this novel, he proved at a loss. "Well, what is it about?" "Oh, it's just one damn thing after another!" Thus its strange designation was formed from the initials of five words. The book, of course, suffers from the very fact that the title is only too apt. Nevertheless we have found not a few "moments" in the story,—that moment, for instance, when horse and man, alone in the forest, stare with every faculty alert into impenetrable darkness and are besieged by inexplicable fear. Such "moments" compensate for much.

The Bowling Green

In the Mail

IT IS surely the duty of this Green to give turf-space now and then to those who do not wholly assent to some of our own enthusiasms. In regard to Walt Whitman's 1855 preface to "Leaves of Grass" 78th Street writes:

> I am afraid you can't make me think it is a "masterpiece of noble prose." There is too much blather about it for my taste. Seriously, when all the shouting is over, isn't Whitman's democracy as dead as Fenimore Cooper's Noble Indian—and not nearly as chaste a corpse. The trouble with all his talk about hating tyrants and "going freely with powerful uneducated persons," and never taking your hat off to anything known or unknown,—is that it is too easy. I always think there is something flabby about Whitman (I know that is rank heresy) because he is always following the line of least resistance. Democracy is a damn difficult business, it is not a matter of shouting at the top of your lungs that a simple carefree life is perfectly splendid. Perhaps it is my inheritence of T. A. on one side and the Puritan fathers on the other, or it may be my own satirical blindness, but I don't find enough in Whitman to chew over. Is there, for instance, any development of thought in these prefaces? Has he started from one point and arrived at another or is he careering around one spot, as it seems to me, the whole time?

Williamstown, Mass., writes:

> The letter in a recent Bowling Green from a correspondent in England brought up vivid memories of two or three happy days last summer in Burford. I went there in part to fish, but more to be in a spot practically untouched by tourists. I think I must have had the same chauffeur and the same automobile to bring me from the railroad; for he had "adventures with his gears" on all the hills. The Cotswolds were at one time famous for their sheep and Burford in its heyday was a notable wool market. The inn where I stayed was "The Lamb," on Sheep Street. Nowadays the town is a quiet sleepy provincial village whose chief glory is a church nearly 900 years old. And it shows all the stages of ecclesiastical architecture from early Roman down. Within easy walking distance are old villages and other old churches. One stands out in a sheep and cow pasture which must be very ancient, because a few years ago a floor of Roman tile was uncovered in the chancel.
>
> I arrived just after the season of Mayflies—and was told that there was little use in trying to fish. However as it only cost a shilling—I went out and for about three hours whipped ten pools of the Wishwash. I was rewarded by a single rise, and by great good luck I hooked and landed the fish. It was silvery in color with brown spots; but at breakfast next day it seemed like a brook trout that one might catch in the Berkshire brooks.

Mrs. J. W., Los Angeles, writes very delightfully of the humors of bicycling in France:

> Last November on a particularly shivery night which had sent us to bed early in a cheap little Paris hotel in the vain hope that here we might find a suggestion of warmth, we read with much amusement how "Baedeker Fibbed." It had been handed us by a woman who knew how thoroughly we would appreciate it, for with us were an "urchin" of five and an urchiness of three, our only valuables, who had proven themselves able vagabonds during the past few months.
>
> Your description of the disgust with which the small son had been introduced to French infantile corsets was a duplicate of an experience we had just had, only ours had a blessed sequel which made the horrors of warfare well worth the reward at the end. The tragedy appeared in the form of real suspenders, the most masculine article of wearing apparel in all France, I'm sure, and the only fault Bob found with the whole transaction was the fact that we insisted upon his wearing them under his blouse. But we had walked miles, haunted every conceivable store and consulted armies of pompous floor walkers who circulated among the bewildering piles of merchandise, immaculately dressed in evening garb and most carefully scented, before the desired supports appeared to save the day for those small blue trousers. The most intimate French knowledge of children's underwear, fine and superfine, still remains a dark secret, and what a gala day it was when I could walk into an honest-to-goodness department store, and, without a dictionary buy the children's garters, and a hair net for the housekeeper without the fear that I might be asking for a horse net by mistake.
>
> Our expedition was one which employed several modes of travel, and we soon discovered that bicycles suited our dispositions and desires best, leading us into muddy byways we should have missed entirely and over many highways where we stood breathless—drinking in the green richness of a country almost too lovely to be true, and calming our perturbed breathing apparatus. With my daughter in a young basket suspended from the handle bars of my wheel and a pair of nightgowns and tooth brushes tied on behind, we made a fitting companion piece to the father and son combination on the other wheel, and for almost four hundred miles we had one continuous picnic, stopping wherever and whenever we chose with the happy result that we brought some sketches of places so obscure that it frequently required a search through the diary to find their quaint names. One can absorb an amazing amount of material upon which to dream the rest of a lifetime, and an alarming amount of dirt as well, scudding cross lots in that manner. And we had as companions the Pennells who, in our imagination were retracing their travels for our benefit. I could almost see the old tandem upon which they wheeled their way, and wondered if they had had nearly the fun we were enjoying with the aid of our animated cartoons who made many amusing observations from their reserved seats on the handle bars.
>
> Anyway Baedeker lied, or possibly he never left Cherbourg at sun down on a winter's evening when the sky was on fire and the row of buildings seen from the harbor were a fanciful "cut-out" with its characteristic economy of window openings and its superfluity of chimney pots, while the water churned under the wind, a thick green. But how we love our hilltop where we look out over the greens and browns of our chaparal covered slopes, and how glad that we are Americans!

Another correspondent in Los Angeles sends us a clipping from the Los Angeles *Times* about the development of Mr. Theodore Dreiser as a novelist. "His 'Sister Carrie' of some years ago was flapdoodle. His 'Where the Blue Begins' was a little better, but 'The American Tragedy' is a fine book."

A faithful client, J. D. H., of Orange, N. J., revives an ancient argument. "Do you recall," he writes, "that in the old Bowling Green in the *Evening Post*, in 1922, someone said they *saw* The Virgin Rocks and I wrote you about it? You did not take it up at the time. Kipling said in 'Captains Courageous' 'Next day several boats fished right above the cap of the Virgin.' I wish you would give a paragraph to the enclosed."

The enclosure from the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, signed by Mr. R. L. Faris, Acting Director, is as follows:

> Replying to the inquiry in your letter of December 8 regarding Virgin Rocks, Newfoundland Banks, you are advised that Kipling's statement is correct. The Virgin Rocks are covered by a least depth of 18 feet of water, and there is no land above water in this vicinity for which they could be mistaken.

We can only reiterate that we have heard Captain Robert Bartlett say that he has actually landed on the Virgins at very low tides and gone seal-hunting. This difference of report is as enlivening as that of the old maps now on exhibition at the New York Public Library. It is delightful to see, for instance, Verrazano's notion of America (for example, what we now hear of as New England he set down as Yucatan). His notion of making Africa secure for Italy was evidently to give an Italian name to every possible site all round the coast, and to mark large and heavily fortified cities in the interior, to frighten away poachers. The old Dutch navigators made equally engaging guesses at the American seaboard; it was not they but their publishers who described each map as *Tabula Accuratissima*. They themselves were too canny and cautious to have hazarded such a blurb. Most charming of all these charts is the Velasco or Stolen Map (1610) which the Spaniards got by subterfuge from some English sailor. In mid-Atlantic, due south of Cape Race on parallel 41, a large and interesting piece of land is marked "The Ile of John Lewis." Who was John Lewis, I've been wondering? There is some fine enchantment in seeing his "island" marked there. Was it only a vigia, or was John Lewis some Elizabethan stalwart who had set foot on the Virgins?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Mauve Decade

(*Continued from page 717*)

dividuals than ever knew hope, excitement, change, independence, success in a single nation before. Whoever fails to get the abounding vitality of vulgar America fails to get its nineteenth century history at all. Twain caught it, self-centered Henry Adams kept buzzing about it, Whitman rhapsodied it, and this strange book of Beer's presents the humming mass which is more significant than the individual. This is the dynamics of equalitarianism, the secret of American history and perhaps its doom.

"When the half-gods go, the gods arrive." Not so with America. After Hamilton, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Gallatin, Jackson, Webster, Emerson, Lincoln, come Garfield, Hanna, McKinley, Jay Gould, Louisa Alcott, Howells. Pink after purple—but such a brilliant pink! Never again will the unheroic common people have so much life in them, and such a gorgeous time of it, for shades of the prison house descend. Escaped from the peasantry we are slaves to the machines. It all seemed vulgar to nice Bostonians and fastidious New Yorkers who did not like noisy people unless they lived in India and Kipling wrote about them, but it is vividly picturesque as one looks back at it in "The Mauve Decade." One pities the drab youth of the current autobiographical novel who was born too late for both the purple and the pink.

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Books of Special Interest

A Roguish Odyssey

THE ROGUE OR THE LIFE OF GUZMAN DE ALFARACHE. Written in Spanish by MATHEO ALEMAN and done into English by JAMES MABBE ANNO, 1623. Edited by CHARLES WHIBLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK W. CHANDLER
University of Cincinnati

SPORTING the handsome dress of the Tudor Translations, a jolly Spanish picaroon here makes his impudent bow to readers of English. It was three centuries ago that he first greeted Londoners under the tutelage of James Mabbe, who sponsored, also, versions of the "Devout Contemplations" of Cristóbal de Fonseca, the "Exemplary Novels" of Cervantes, and the roguish "Celestina." As every one knows, the first picaresque story—the anonymous "Life of Lazarillo de Tormes"—appeared at Burgos ten years before the birth of Shakespeare. "Guzman de Alfarache" was the second and the most important of these Spanish stories, issued in two parts in 1559 and 1604, the work of an Accountant to the King of just the same age as Cervantes. Mateo Aleman, as son of a surgeon to the royal prison at Seville, no doubt enjoyed peculiar facilities for acquainting himself with the world of rascality. He studied medicine at Salamanca and Alcalá, was twice imprisoned for debt, may have served in the army in Italy, suffered matrimonial difficulties, and spent his last years in Mexico, where he published a book of devotion and two other non-fictional works. Of his picaresque masterpiece it is reported that, when "Don Quixote" appeared in 1605, there were no less than 26 editions and fifty thousand copies in circulation. Such a statement seems scarcely credible, yet "Guzman de Alfarache" was certainly more popular than any other Spanish fiction of its day except the great novel of Cervantes. Abroad, Guzman won his way in short order, the story of his adventures being rendered into French, German, Italian, English, Latin, and Dutch. The German version, freely altered and added to, was prepared for the "Simplicissimus" of Grimmelshausen, and the Latin was so changed as to include among its characters Lazarillo de Tormes himself. Mabbe, in his English version of the "Second Part," drew upon the Italian rendering of Barezzi, but later checked it over by referring to the French translation and then to the Spanish original.

That original, in both parts, is an amplification of the comic and realistic autobiography which was first attempted in "Lazarillo de Tormes." A rogue describes his wiles in service under various masters. Born of an intrigue, he is forced to cheat or be cheated. He wanders from pillar to post, satirizing those whom he serves—an innkeeper, a cook, an apothecary. He plays the rôles of beggar, man of fashion, and soldier, rambles through Italy, joins a rascal fraternity in Rome, becomes jester to a cardinal, and go-between in the gallantries of the French ambassador. Then, in a somewhat inferior "Second Part," he is victimized, now by a lady and now by a rival rogue—the actual author of a spurious sequel. Then he returns to Spain, marries for money, loses his wife and her dowry, studies theology at Alcalá, and gains the hand of his landlady's daughter. When she elopes with another, he seeks consolation in knavery, is arrested and sent to the galleys, but is released as a reward for betraying a plot to escape hatched by his fellow convicts. The novel breaks off with the author's promise of a Third Part, which never appeared.

What a mirror of life is here presented!—a mirror with reflections distorted by satire but showing in picturesque detail an aspect of existence never before so fully exposed. Aleman laughs at the foibles of human nature, at our social anomalies, and, by implication, at the high-spoken heroes of chivalric and pastoral romance. While scourging cheats and follies he enjoys them, and yet, to protect himself from all blame, announces his work to be a "Beacon of Life" designed to warn the virtuous against the snares he describes with such gusto.

The introduction for this Edition, supplied by the late James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, gives the ascertained facts concerning Aleman and Mabbe, and avoids the sin of ascribing to Spanish influence every work of picaresque fiction written abroad. Thus the editor recognizes that in England, five years before the publication of the Spanish "Guzman," Thomas Nashe, without apparent reliance upon the earlier "Lazarillo," had anticipated the very accents of the Spanish rogue. He might have added that the true bearing point in England of the Spanish romance of roguery is to be found only in the seventeenth century in that strange and scurrilous compilation of rascalities, "The English Rogue," by Kirkman and Head, and again in the eighteenth century principally in the novels of Smollett through the intermediary of Lesage.

It was Lesage, indeed, who gave the definitive translation into French of "Guzman de Alfarache," and who, in his original "Gil Blas," produced the finest fictional flower on the picaresque stem. Smollett confessed that he wrote in the manner of Cervantes. Yet critics today lay less stress than formerly upon sources. They recognize that, although Defoe and Mark Twain may have read "Lazarillo" and "Guzman," neither required such models from abroad. Moll Flanders, Colonel Jack, and Huckleberry Finn are purely indigenous, cousins of Guzman, no doubt, but not his direct descendants. As well assume the influence upon the poetry of Keats of "Guzman de Alfarache" merely because, as Amy Lowell has shown, he read and even annotated the Spanish novel.

Walcott's Wild Flowers

NORTH AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS. By MARY VAUX WALCOTT. 80 full page colored illustrations, with text. Loose Leaf Folio. vol. 1. Washington, D. C.: Smithsonian Inst. 1925. Price of complete set of 5 volumes $500.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR
Brooklyn Botanic Garden

EXTRAVAGANT praise, with which this book has been thoroughly showered, is as imperative as an almost equal degree of astonishment that the Smithsonian Institution should have issued it. No such collection of colored illustrations of our native plants has ever been so splendidly executed, nor so sumptuously published, as this first volume of Mrs. Walcott's "North American Wild Flowers." With the possible exception of the Bird's-foot Violet, which is much too dark, these colored plates are as near perfection as it is possible to expect.

The book is quite obviously a labor of love,—such perfection of execution could scarcely be attained otherwise. And the author makes no secret of the fact that it is not meant as a textbook. Its value, then, as a scientific document is negligible, however highly it will be prized as a fine collection of colored reproductions of wild flowers.

Its publication by the Smithsonian Institution cannot but be deplored by many working scientists who will question the wisdom of such distinguished scientific approval, for what is, after all, merely the most gorgeous picture book of plants ever issued in America.

One would like to think of such an institution soliciting the fifty thousand dollars from the patrons of these volumes for an enterprise which would have made Mrs. Walcott's paintings the occasion for a memorable scientific undertaking. This has been done so often in the past that it seems almost incredible the present opportunity should not have been seized by one of our leading scientific institutions. DeCandolle on succulent plants, Hooker on the ferns, Lambert on the pines, Forbes's "Pinetum Woburnense," and the incomparable volumes of Reichenbach issued at Leipzig 1820-1854, are all distinguised examples of colored illustrations which in each case were accompanied by authoritative text that is still the classic utterance in its particular field. Modern examples in a related field of natural science are Beebe's great work on the pheasants, and, among periodicals, *Addisonia* and Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*. Judged by such standards, and anything issued by the Smithsonian Institution should be judged by no other, the present volume comes very nearly being a tragedy.

No words can properly express one's complete admiration for Mrs. Walcott's paintings, for the quite extraordinary perfection of their reproduction, nor for the fact that they are issued in loose leaves. There still remains time to rearrange these and the ones to follow in some reasonable order, rewrite the text, and make of the completed work an undertaking of which the Smithsonian Institution may be as proud as the artist most certainly should be. And it would place this most expensive of modern books on botany in a class with its predecessors abroad.

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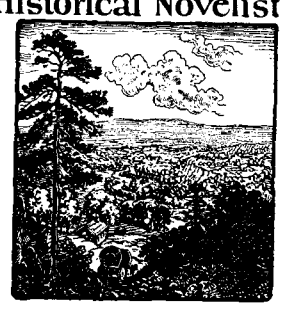

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A Letter from Paris

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

CLEMENCEAU'S book on Demosthenes is that of a close and impassioned student of classical history, and of a man who has retired from the thick of the fight and can see history, made and in the making, from the standpoint of a sage. The title is simply "Démosthène" (Plon). It is not a biography of the orator, but an interpretive exposition of the man and his great work for Greece, short—there are only 125 pages in the book—and pithy, and full of the sap of experience and wisdom of this author of over eighty-four years. Here are some extracts: "The peoples have never willingly followed any chiefs but those who demanded their blood." "Since then history has shown us that the fate of the vanquished and the fate of the victor are more closely allied than one might think." The same laws cause the stone to fall and the bird to mount." "It is not only to serve one's country on the field of battle. The Greek and the Roman were as combative as any people in the world, only to suffer at last the same failures. The more difficult problem is to show oneself capable of living methodically—sometimes even without reward—a peaceful life founded upon restraint, spontaneous or acquired, in order to reach a social development profitable to each and all." There is now and then a suggestion of comparison between the destiny of Desmosthenes and his own.

M. Poincaré's Memoirs are appearing serially in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes.* They will be published by Plon in ten volumes under the title "Au Service de la France," two volumes to be issued each year.

M. Herriot's book on Normandy has received favorable treatment from most of the critics, but especially those of his own political tendencies. It is entitled "Dans la Forêt Normande" (Hachette), and shows the author almost (not quite) untainted by politics and nearly as literary as he was when he wrote his well-known book on Madame Récamier. Jean-Jacques Brousson, who handled, without gloves, Anatole France in slippers, says that the book is "charming but a little obese," and wishes the author had taken pains to hide his erudition more and not cite so many references; he also objects, quite naturally, to M. Herriot's claim that the great cathedrals were not built by religious but by popular civic effort! Which is going too far even for a radical socialist who believes in nothing but politics, nature, and France. In a speech at a club dinner given in honor of his book M. Herriot said: "We republicans love passionately the soil of France. I love it, for my part, with my whole soul; it is my only religion, my only belief, and my highest love."

* *

Marcel Proust's posthumous novel, "Albertine Disparue" (Nouvelle Revue Française), has finally been published in two volumes, forming Vol. VII in the entire work "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." The book is as remarkable as the preceding novels, though lacking, it is true, the advantage of the innumerable corrections and additions Proust always made directly from life on his proofs, but this is not noticeable in reading the story. A striking element is the profound study of jealousy—some think the most profound that has ever been made. Albertine is the unrealizable love of the hero who is supposed to be writing the book, and who is and is not Proust. She is the human being who happens to be the object of the capacity he possesses for loving imaginatively. There are many readers to whom this fine-spun analysis—I had almost said dissection—does not appeal; but in time it is understood that Proust's work will be regarded as another stone in the edifice of understanding the human soul. Bergson, Freud, Proust belongs to the same intellectual era.

Jean Giraudoux's new novel is a *succès de scandale* insomuch as it is supposed to be written around M. Poincaré, M. Berthelot, and several other well-known men in public life. The book is a brief for Berthelot and his family against Poincaré—supposing the identity of these characters is true. People who know the originals are entirely convinced. But leaving that aside, the book is being widely read and discussed. It is different in treatment from his former novels, which showed the delicate, poetic imagination of a peculiar talent. This book is almost realistic, and ends with a bit of melodrama. But it has one scene of Molièresque humor, and never lacks the fascination of its author's modern treatment of his subjects. Bella is a charming character about whom her creator has written before ("Bella au Couvent"), but in the present novel she dies, after vainly trying to reconcile the two antagonists, Rebendant (Poincaré) and Dubardeau (Berthelot). The two Orgalesses of the book are said to be the Tharaud brothers.

In contrast to many of the younger novelists, with their hop-skip-jumping style, their cinematographic succession of short scenes, their excessive insistence upon sexual affairs, are the books of Charles Géniaux, which sell without making much noise. Géniaux interests his readers by beginning with some sort of mystery around which a family drama is built. "La Famille Messal," "Les Coeurs Gravitent," "La Passion d'Armelle Louenais," and "Les Faucons," the latest one, are among his titles. André Bellesort's literary *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats* was recently devoted to Géniaux whose talent he characterizes as robust, vigorous, romantic.

The first two volumes of the complete works of Georges Courteline have been published by La Belle Edition, with a characteristic notice by the author. Courteline's comic gift finds perfect expression in his famous "Boubouroche," the fat, humble, but self-satisfied lover whose discomfiture and betrayal by a "minx" gives him final dignity.

There is a new edition, revised and augmented, of René Lalou's excellent "Histoire de la Littérature Française Contemporaine (1870 à nos jours)"—(Crès et Cie)—a book of great value to students of modern French books.

The fame of Marie Bashkirtseff is constantly growing. Several books of her unpublished writings have recently appeared. Now comes "Confessions" (Bloud & Gay), with a preface by Pierre Borel, which includes the young girl's copybook journal during the second half of the year 1880. This book has been preceded by another on the same lines, "Cashiers Intimes." Still another, just published, is Alberic Cahuet's "Moussia, ou la Vie et la Mort de Marie Bashkirtseff (E. Fasquelle). Little by little the complete personality of this young Russian-French genius emerges from the many books written by and about her. It appears that there are people so devoted to her cult that they set up a sort of altar of her pictures: she is becoming a species of literary saint. Others find in her the real precursor of the modern girl.

Three excellent books on great composers have recently been published: not imaginative biographies but solid books with dates and written with charm: they are "Verdi," by M. Bonaventura (Alcán), "Chopin," by M. Henri Bidou (Alcán), and "Franz Liszt" by M. Guy de Portalès (Librairie Gallimard). M. Baldensperger's book on "Sensibilité Musicale et Romontisme" (Presses Françaises) is also highly recommended.

Drieu La Rochelle's new novel is called "L'Homme Couvert de Femmes" (Nouvelle Revue Française) and deals with a young man's adventures in love and the "amorous misery" of the present times.

Madame Lucie Delarue Mardrus, author of many books, has written an interesting novel in "Graine au Vent," which centres about a child up to the age of fourteen who, motherless and practically fatherless, succeeds in bringing herself up without religion, and in disciplining a warm nature. Madame Delarue Mardrus lately addressed of kind of circular letter to editors explaining that she and her distinguished husband, Dr. Mardrus, would in future live amicably apart, and that, so far from detesting her ex-husband, she had the most friendly feeling towards him.

Dr. John Sampson has compiled a work for which he has been gathering material for many years. It is entitled "The Dialect of the Gypsies of Wales," and is in preparation at the Oxford University Press. The book is described as not only a vocabulary of the Gypsy language, but an epitome of Gypsy life. It is based on exceptional philological knowledge, as well as on an intimate personal acquaintance with the people themselves, and includes an introduction which throws a considerable amount of light on the vexed question of the origin of Romani.

On page 627 of *The Saturday Review* of March 13 a line cut of Edward Bulwer Lytton taken from a new book, "Paradise in Piccadilly" was run. Publication of this book was incorrectly credited to Doran; the Book is in actuality issued by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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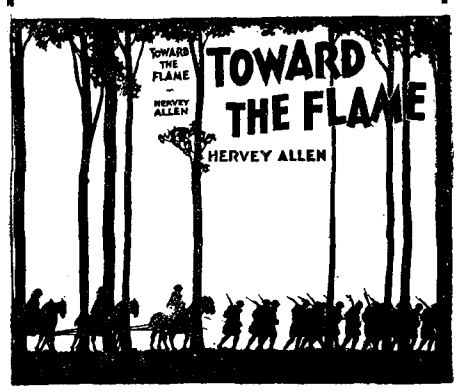

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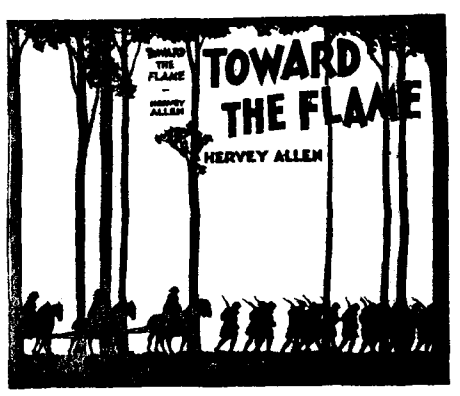

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Points of View

A Slice Out of Life

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your recent review of Grace Kellogg Griffith's "The House" must have been written by a man, and probably a young man, who imagines that "the home versus the career" is such an "ancient idea" that it is all nicely settled, and needn't be discussed any more. In fact, it has never been looked at honestly; and Miss (or Mrs.) Griffith's book, while it falls short of distinction as literature, is remorselessly honest on the main issue. Your reviewer might think that Storm Jameson's "Three Kingdoms" was a brilliant contribution to the debate, whereas it is only rattling good melodrama, perfectly irrelevant to the real problem, which "The House" does present unflinchingly. It isn't only a choice (for women) between "the home" and "a career." It is a choice between polite serfdom and independence. The mother of a young family, who cannot afford nurses and cooks, is as firmly tied to the house as ever the mediæval serf was bound to the soil. She is a human snail. And no amount of twaddle about the sanctity of the home and the sacred joys of motherhood can alter the fact that her work *is* unending drudgery of the most monotonous sort—scullion's work, scrubwoman's work, without a fixed wage or a chance to better herself *by her own exertions.* The imaginary troubles of a Lawrence Storm, with one child, a devoted husband, plenty of money, and the most obliging lover on record (I am referring again to "Three Kingdoms") would appeal to the average middle class mother of a family as sheer romance. "The House" is a slice out of their own lives. Such a novel is in the nature of a veiled warning, that if the house and the household cannot be made less oppressive to women, the women may decide that it's not worth while going on—"let the roof fall in."

ALICE CAREY JANSEN.

Cos Cob, Conn.

Dreiser as Artist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of February 13, a correspondent raises objections to Sherwood Anderson's laudatory review of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and proceeds at considerable length to express the view that some kind of subtle verbal dexterity, some kind of "delicate experiment," is the really important element in literature.

Many of your readers will hardly agree with such a theory, or with your correspondent's estimate of the importance of Theodore Dreiser's work. To dwell on the fact that Dreiser is not the master of an exquisite prose style is much like proclaiming the discovery that that powerful and sagacious beast, the elephant, does not climb trees.

Certain contemporary and not very important writers are fascinated by what Donald Evans used to call the attempt "to kiss the naked phrase quite unaware." Dreiser does not belong to their club. Dreiser probably has not the slightest interest in being "subtle, varied, searching;" I doubt if he would expend a moment of his time or an ounce of his energy on the attempt to "use words in a delicate experiment." He has other business on hand. And, going his own way, writing in his own none-too-fastidious manner, he produces a masterpiece. A reader must be far perverted indeed by false æstheticism if he regards the exquisite use of words as the most important part of the novelist's craft. The builder of a great pyramid does not necessarily bother to polish the surfaces of his granite blocks.

Say what you will of Theodore Dreiser's faults as a prosewriter, the fact remains that he, better than any other novelist that America has produced, can convey to the reader his own passionate sense of the momentous issues of a life-history, and leave the reader moved and shaken by the tremendous reality of Dreiser's imaginary world. To do this is the supreme achievement of literary art; and when a writer can accomplish this, it is almost ridiculous to complain about the details of his technique. Theodore Dreiser is a great artist; he is interested primarily in the heroic outlines, the monumental masses of his story; and these he never fails to convey with impressive force and clarity. In a word, he composes his work in larger units than the witty adjective or the piquant sentence. If a reader seeks only the jeweled phrase or the self-conscious epigram, he had better go elsewhere; for he will never enjoy or understand Dreiser's enormous genius.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

Santa Fe.

William Dunlap

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am preparing a book on the work of William Dunlap as a painter. If any of the readers of *The Saturday Review* can inform me as to the location of oil portraits or miniatures (either publicly or privately owned) made by this early American artist, I shall be most grateful to them.

O. S. COAD.

House R, Douglass Campus,
New Brunswick, N. J.

A Reply

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Just a few days ago Mr. John Macy brought forth once more the candidacy of Mr. Thomas Hardy for the Nobel Prize. Several times within the last few years I have come upon this suggestion in magazines and newspapers.

I think it is a generally accepted principle that a man may have at least a little to say about what shall be done with his own money, and Alfred Nobel seems to have known quite well what he was about when he established a $40,000 prize for "idealistic literature." For such a prize Selma Lagerlöf might well qualify, or Maeterlinck, or even Kipling in spite of his tinsel and noise. Mr. Hardy, however, with "Tess" and a long line of other books, has devoted his talents not only to realistic but even to sordidly maturalistic fiction. His time was his own and he was free to do as he pleased, but in the main his work has certainly not been "idealistic." It is a matter of congratulation that there is at least one high authority that is not unduly swayed by the psychoanalytic, and I for one am heartily glad that in this case the Nobel Prize Committee has had the courage to stand by its guns and to be at least reasonably honest in carrying out the provisions of Alfred Nobel's will.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

Shaw University,
Raleigh, N. C.

These Poets

Another letter from Canada replying to Miss Agnes Laut's in THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of January 2.*

Why think of us as marshalled in battalions?
Is it the Journalist in you sees us so?
Who gave you right to range us under leaders?
So you would push us in a phalanx forward:—
Poets both shy and affable; the aloof
And sociable; cynic, critic, artist;
Frequenters of the clubs and non-frequenters;
Poets with wild hair; and quaint professors
Wearing protective shells of scholarship!
I name them over, our Canadian poets;
And not my inmost sight can conjure up,
Except in burlesque, this mutating group
Of whirling and re-whirling vital ions
Ordered in duplex party-march behind
Those two whom you audaciously commission!
It might be said, we dance sometimes in groups
Like ions in an atom, held together
Electrically a moment, yet not so stably
But that new power can break and rearrange us.

LYON SHARMAN.

Toronto.

Admirers of the Spanish author "Azorin" will welcome the two latest volumes from his pen (Madrid: Caro Raggio). One, "Los Quintero y Otros Ensayos" is a delightful study of contemporary Spanish drama; the other, "Dona Ines," is in effect a sequel to his "Don Juan," published about two years ago.

Flaubert's "Salammbo" has been filmed by a firm of French producers.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SECRETS OF THE FRIENDLY WOODS. By REX BRASHER. Century. 1926. $2.50.

A very pleasant set of nature essays in the good American tradition for that kind of writing by an author who is also a skilful painter of birds. The scene is usually the lower Berkshires, more specifically the southern Taconics in Dutchess County, the personnel is made up of chickadees, owls, coons, eagles, and squirrels, the style is cool and easy, and the observation close. A literary rather than a scientific book.

THE LURE OF THE SEA. Edited by F. H. Lee. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

The sea lore of today and yesterday is collected in this fascinating volume of essays and poems. It leads off with Masefield's "Sea Fever," and this gives a key note to the contents of the book. Thirty-eight pieces have been selected, including such well known favorites as "A Dutch Picture," by Longfellow; "Deep Calleth Unto Deep," by Conrad; "After Forty Years," by David Bone; "The Chase," by Melville; "The Long Trail," by Kipling, and Psalm CVII.

A short biographical sketch precedes each piece, but J. E. Patterson, who is represented by "Pirate v. *Shark*" is merely noted by the cryptic dates (1866-1919). This is the Patterson who wrote that fine imaginative yarn of the sea "The Bark Sappho." It would be interesting to know more about him. The volume is a worthy addition to any shelf devoted to sea books.

SELECTED ESSAYS. By KARL MARX. International. 1926. $1.75.

The seven essays contained in this volume, treating of various topics of philosophic and sociological interest, such as the Hegelianism of the Left, French Materialism, the Jewish Question, and the English Revolution were written by Marx between 1844 and 1850, and now appear for the first time in an English translation. They may serve to test Marx's general value as a thinker apart from his specific economic theories and in particular to set at rest forever all beliefs in his philosophic ability. His intellectual attitude is revealed as narrow and dogmatic, and his understanding of philosophy as singularly superficial. Thus he takes seriously the eighteenth century French "philosophies," perceives none of their glaring inconsistencies, identifies materialism with empiricism, and gives utterance to such unconsciously humorous statements as "The man who destroyed all metaphysics was Pierre Bayle," who "refuted Spinoza and Leibniz," or "Feuerbach, in his first decisive stand against Hegel opposed sober philosophy to drunken speculation" and at his hands "metaphysics succumbed for good and all to materialism"—regardless of the alleged fact that metaphysics had already been destroyed by Pierre Bayle a century before, and that materialism is itself obviously a metaphysical theory. Religion is considered to be in almost as evil case as metaphysics, not exactly dead but moribund. It is, of course, regarded as the mere ideology of an economic situation. The only realities in the life of man appear to be his political and economic relations. It would be hard to find a writer of equal repute who shows so limited an outlook as Marx reveals in these essays.

Biography

ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON. By RAYMOND SAVAGE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $5.

Lord Allenby is one of the outstanding military figures of the war: a man of striking personality and universally recognized abilities, who after an excellent record on the western front took brilliant advantage of the opportunity to carry out a campaign on his own in Palestine. It is unfortunate that so fine a record should be set down in a volume of unrestrained hero-worship; a piece of journalistic publicity rather than serious historical writing—particularly as the author was for a time one of his military secretaries and thus in a position to gather substantial material. In a slap-dash narrative of the war at large, we are shown Allenby at the centre of the stage throughout, decked out with festoons of random superlatives,—and in the end we learn next to nothing about him. It is the type of military biography produced in haste during the war for quick effects, but in 1926 is altogether an anachronism. In a prefatory note we are reassured to find: "Perhaps it is wise to add that Lord Allenby himself has no knowledge of the contents of this book, but realizing his generosity, I feel sure that he will forgive errors and opinions with which he may not agree." But to expect the reader to do so is asking altogether too much.

Economics

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By CHARLOTTE M. WATERS. Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.25.

In recent years the Oxford University Press has produced a number of monographs on historical and literary subjects which have been remarkable for their illustrations. The volume under review is one of these and its pictorial and other graphic aids are particularly useful and interesting. Economic history is popular just now and it is interesting to find in the same year profusely illustrated national treatises appearing in Great Britain and the United States ("American Economic Life," by Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker). One marked difference, however, is that the "fifty-year interval" tradition still dictates that the English volume shall close with 1874, while the American economists deal blithely with affairs of the moment.

To pack the economic history of England into six hundred small pages which are constantly invaded by illustrations is a real achievement and the author has managed it by means of an arbitrary plan of description at intervals of two centuries. As a result the book loses some charm, but the material is well regimented. It is brightened by other illustrations than graphic ones as well, for, throughout, picturesque incident and fact make the reading attractive enough for the mythical "general reader." Scientific analysis of controversy is not to be expected in a volume of this scope, but the very sensible plan is adopted of stating both sides and suggesting a choice. The faults are few and not serious, consisting, as they do, of occasional use of terms not previously explained, and small inaccuracies which usually derive from abbreviated discussion. Altogether it is a book which will be useful for general reference and entertaining and instructive for those whose interest does not extend to special research.

SOCIAL STRUCTURES AND MODERN SOCIALISM. By *M. Beer*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

LEFT WING UNIONISM. By *David J. Saposs*. International Publishers. $1.50.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY. By *Edward R. Pease*. International Publishers. $2.50.

Fiction

THE DINOSAUR'S EGG. By EDMUND CANDLER. 1926. $2.50.

It is quite evident that Mr. Edmund Candler has a love of lore,—Eastern lore particularly one may judge from the titles of his earlier works, "The Unveiling of Lhasa," "The Long Road to Baghdad," and three or four others of similar suggestion. In "The Dinosaur's Egg" he treats of a pleasant English family who fare no further from home than to the South of France but who are constantly being visited by African travelers, big game hunters, and collectors of curios. Practically every one in the story possesses "a museum," and there is great exchange of specimens and tales concerning them. Chimbashi, an antelope's horn in which is imprisoned the shadow of a witch doctor, is the real hero of the story and not the dinosaur's egg at all. This evil charm casts a spell on the English circle, and the story is taken up with their adventures and misadventures in this connection. It begins nowhere, travels along at a jog trot for a while, and ends where it began. Readers who enjoy a literary round trip with few thrills and no dangers will enjoy the excursion.

THE SON OF THE HOUSE. By ANTHONY PRYDE. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

Anthony Pryde has no fear of old effects. His portrait of the Charnwood family has something of the grace of a Du Maurier. The Charnwoods are all young, all Bohemian. They belong to the class of English folk that might be described as the still genteel, with the implication that they have been winged by ill fortune, though not permanently bowled over. The Lalehams, on the contrary, have kept their gentility very highly polished for ever so long, and are ripe for a turn of fortune. The con-

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

tact of these two families leads to situations developed in the ample tempo of English country life as it was before the war. In order to make sure of his reader Mr. Pryde has resorted to the somewhat doubtful expedient of double-loading his plot, ramming down on the other characters a stray son of the house of Laleham, lost in infancy, and now drifting in from South America to claim his place at the paternal fireside. In spite of the pains spent on his delineation, this superfluous son remains somewhat scratchy and synthetic. Two of the Charnwood boys, on the other hand, are excellently fashioned characters; the one being Julian, the practical young man, winning back the family prosperity; and the other, a still more striking figure, Sladen Charnwood, the tough member of the group, with his queerly warped family affection.

THE PIPER'S FEE. By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Mr. Adams is not a writer who needs critical reassessment. He is among the popular novelists who rely (and can afford to rely) on that simple blend of sentiment and whimsy which, though its requiem has often been sung by the moderns, strangely refuses to stay in its properly labeled Victorian grave. Like his colleagues Samuel Merwin and Booth Tarkington, he is a lineal descendant of the eighteenth century "man of feeling." Put him in company with our most approved story-tellers, and he naturally looks a little out of place: an Ik Marvel among the Sherwood Andersons. It is idle to take up an Adams novel with the expectation or even the faint hope of finding more than entertainment. He is a showman, not an interpreter. Therefore we regret his recent attempt to present an American "Forsyte Saga," upon the terms and with the materials at his command.

"The Piper's Fee" is a sequel or continuation of "Siege," the chronicle of the Ruylands family. Once again old Augusta Huylands, the family despot, holds sway over the destinies of her tribe. But Mr. Adams has nothing to add to his earlier portrait of her: she is the complete dowager of tradition, hardly more than a "character" part, in the stage meaning of the term. We are conscious that in "The Piper's Fee," Mr. Adams makes a manful effort to be modern and even daring. But somehow it they offer substance far too slight for their form. Most of them are a trifle better than "pretty"—a few stout threads are discernfails to come off. What was intended to be the powerful and dramatic part of the action—the episode of Evelyn Ruylands' baby and Dorrie Selover's sacrifice for the sake of the Ruylands family name—is simply make-believe; we don't really accept it for a moment. It is early Victorian melodrama with a modern accent, nothing more. As for Grandante Augusta, she becomes before the end a figure not only tiresome but slightly grotesque. We can but hope that if Mr. Adams intends to make a trilogy of the Ruylands saga, he will consent to kill off the dowager in the first chapter of volume the third.

FLIGHT TO THE HILLS. By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

What we may call the Bluegrass school of fiction has lately been enriched by Charles Neville Buck's seventeenth novel. "Flight to the Hills" has all the earmarks of the sixteen others, and those whose taste in literature demands little but a "good story" will find it an excellent substitute for sleepless nights, as publishers are in the habit of saying.

Mr. Buck's story concerns a certain Cynthia Meade, who had gray-green eyes and a head of red bobbed hair that no one could miss. "To her, the world meant New York, and New York meant Broadway," but nevertheless she boarded the train for Carolina, intending to stay just long enough to satisfy the demands of the moving picture company with which she was under contract. The plot thickens early, someone gets careless with a revolver, and the heroine finds a hidden spot in the mountains the safest place until the smoke clears. As the story lengthens, her resolve to return to Broadway weakens; Cynthia discovers that love does not flourish alone in the land of the bright, white lights. She hears someone say: "I will arise and go into the hills from which cometh my strength," and decides that, in company with a gentleman known as Wade Murrell, she will put it to the test, for a while at least.

THE LANDMARK. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

These last stories of James Lane Allen have a slight interest of their own, but largely the interest of outmoded writing. Inevitably one imagines how more modern writers would handle the themes which Allen handled with the rather pathetic grace of his own generation. Under his handling, acter dissection, masterly description of maritime storms and the life of a sailing ible in their texture, but only just discernible among so many slender and meaningless colored strands. Something of life lies at the bottom of at least two of these stories, but on the surface appears that very different thing, the literary production. The two do not merge or integrate—life as it is lived was for Allen something different from life as it must be gracefully and skilfully pictured.

The reason why these stories stand no chance of survival is that they are not vital enough; and they are not vital enough because Allen was essentially an artist without being at all a great artist. He was a professional craftsman whose presentation and style and attitude were a little virtuose; his work was carefully effective in its particulars, but no larger than the exact sum of its parts. He gave finish to his stories, but he failed to give significance; he used the file, but seldom used the shears. His short-stories show his limitations even more than his novels, for nowhere more than in a short-story will essential artifice make itself known. In these short-stories neither the substance nor the writing has sinew; either he could not or would not be vigorous and vital. It is therefore impossible to find much meaning in his type of writing, though it is easy to be lenient concerning what he wrote. "Miss Locke" is readable, occasionally acute; in a sense it does not dodge the issue, but it grapples with it unnaturally, and the story emerges as unnatural. "The Landmark" is readable, but almost goes out of its way to suggest it never happened, and was simply a literary idea. To be fair, this book is not Allen's best work; but none the less it draws down the blinds on his whole achievement, shutting him out of the present and committing him to an impermanent place in the past.

THREE PREDATORY WOMEN. By SYDNEY LOCH. Doran. 1926. $2.

Of the three very long short stories which make up Mr. Loch's unusually interesting book, it seems to us that the first is by far the best. The tale chronicles the voyage of a barque from Sydney, round Cape Horn,

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to Queenstown, the central figure being Patricia Tyson, who passes for the wife of the skipper. The mates, the captain, his only passenger, a literary man named Clifford, are all under the siren spell of this rapacious and unstable female. Nothing very sensational occurs during the hundred and thirty days they are together at sea, but there is an abundance of first-rate charship that has the authentic stamp of one who knows the realities of these things.

The second story, that of an obscure Warsaw Jew who rose to be the great operatic singer of his time, only to pay the direst price for obeying too late the prompting of his spiritual self, is hurt by the commonplace characterization of the woman responsible for his downfall. The concluding, and least impressive tale of the trio, whose scene is the interior wilderness of South Australia, with a guileless English boy of twenty-one and a lonely, primitive girl for its principals, though it pictures the arid waste land with a penetrating vividness, is painfully tedious and clumsily designed.

POSSIBLE HUSBANDS. By ARTHUR TUCKERMAN. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Mr. Tuckerman's gaily written novel of our native newly-rich at home and abroad is in reality virulent propaganda aimed to glorify the marriageable American male, to shame our blindly selfish heiresses, and to pillory tainted, fortune-hunting noblemen. The sustained obviousness of this patriotic intention ruins what should have been good, solid satire. Besides this, the stark materialism and moronic stupidity of virtually every character in the book, except acknowledged undesirables, are gilded in such tones as may point the heroic or the lovely where neither exists. One grows weary of the incessantly repeated, (but in terms of the ball-room, the Ritz, the Rolls-Royce) "How much has he got?" The adventuring Bosnian prince who so nearly wins a bride from among this depressing crew should be felicitated upon his unwilling escape from her matrimonial clutches.

THE BLUE WINDOW. By TEMPLE BAILEY. Penn. 1926. $2.

When Hildegarde's mother died, to the innocent lass of eighteen there fell the duty of becoming reconciled to her erring, divorced father, a Maryland aristocrat, whom the girl had not seen since her babyhood. Father, except for the grand manner and illusions of his personal splendor, is nothing remarkable, but the heroine's filial instinct bids her love him with a devotion which he scarcely deserves. On being reunited with him at his ancestral country-seat, friends and suitors from the cream of Baltimore society are Hildegarde's to command, but she remains steadfastly true to the early sweetheart who had adored her on the farm. Now all this is tolerably well written and not devoid of evidence that the author means to apply the brakes when sweetness threatens to engulf her, but the fairy tale motive is far too apparent throughout for the book to entertain readers who have passed their mental majority.

Foreign

LA SALUTE PUBBLICA IN ITALIA. By *Giorgio Mortara.* Bari: Laterza (Yale University Press).

IL PIEMONTE. By *Giuseppe Prato.* Bari: Laterza (Yale University Press).

LES JOURNEES DE JUIN, 1948. By *Charles Schmidt.* Paris: Hachette.

AMERINANISCHE LYRIK. Translated by *Toni Harten-Hoencke.* Munich: Kunstwartverlog.

MATTER, MAN, AND MIND. By W. F. F. SHEARCROFT. Macmillan. 1926.

It may fairly be claimed that the author of this volume has fulfilled the intention set forth in the preface: "I have tried to give a wide view of the structure of life, beginning with the solid crust of the Earth as a foundation. The introduction and evolution of life on the surface has (sic!) been painted in broad splashes, and the Mind of Man, the crowning product of creation, I have tried to show as a thing of might and majesty." The book offers a running account in a sufficiently readable style of the achieved conclusions and utilitarian applications of modern science, warily skirting such doctrines as those of relativity and psychoanalysis, and altogether avoiding religious or philosophic interpretations. The author's habit of quotation without naming his authorities is most unfortunate as it may easily in the minds of his readers cast doubt upon the accuracy of his science, which, as a matter of fact, is thoroughly reliable.

OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *William McDougall.* Scribners. $4.

Poetry

FULL SAIL. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

A number of Englishmen can write convincing and exhilarating sea songs and shanties. Kipling and Masefield, of course, immediately come to mind in any consideration of this type of verse. Miss Cecily Fox Smith is, however, the one woman in England who has made this same literary province peculiarly hers. For a number of years now she has been producing swinging rhythms about the sea which display not only a romantic enthusiasm for old clipper ships and the days of sail, but also a technical and historical knowledge of her subject quite remarkable in one who by the very nature of her sex could never by any possibility have served before the mast.

Miss Smith has already given us "Sea Songs and Ballads," and, in a fascinating prose, "Sailor Town Days," "A Book of Famous Ships," and "Ship Alley." Her "Full Sail" is a collection of more sea songs and balads, and her versification and her handling of detail are thoroughly competent. Over and above this she casts as much glamour about her subject as do Kipling and Masefield, and if a trick of phrasing or a mould of stanza here and there suggests dimly one or the other, there is also freshness, individuality and first-hand enthusiasm displayed lavishly.

No collector of the literature of the sea can deny the work of Cecily Fox Smith shelf-room in this alcove of his library. She knows the old anchorages, the history of the old tea clippers, the dockside old and new. Her brain is full of sea-anecdote and snatches of old shanties. Her work "stands up" with that of some of the best masculine writers upon the sea.

FROM THE RAYS OF THE RAINBOW. By *Mary Sanger Simonds.* Putnams. $1.75.

LINES AND LYRICS. By *Virginia McDonald.* New York: Rovere.

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FROM UNDER A BUSHEL. By *Edna Hyde.* Saugus, Mass.: Parker. $2 net.

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By *Edward Davison.* Harpers. $2.

NOT POPPY. By *Virginia Moore.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.

(*Continued on page* 730)

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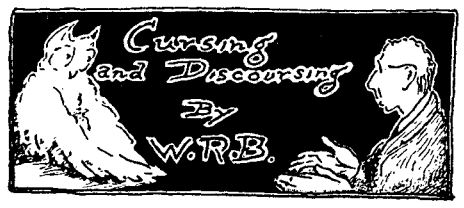

Handy Cures for All

WE have now explored many an hermetic mystery and are closer acquainted than ever before with the true and inward meaning of the Neoplatonist name for the Egyptian Thoth. For our famulus has recently brought unto us Albertus Magnus, his secrets, all bound in brown wrapping paper for a dollar, and translated from the German.

Here is, as noted on the cover, "White and Black Art for Man and Beast, revealing the forbidden knowledge and mysteries of ancient philosophers." So we have had a crack at it.

We bet *you* don't know what to do when cattle have thrush in their mouth or what specific to apply for cataract in the eyes of a horse. When an animal "treads into a nail,"—what would you do? Anyway, you'd probably never think of mixing antimony and butter.

To make a sad person mirthful, we are advised that storkbill herbs, bolus and rue, "of one as much as of the other," made into a powder and administered at the rate of a spoonful a day, works a great change. "It strengthens him, and he will be happy again."

"A Way to Cause Merry and Funny Dreams"—when you go to bed, eat balm. Then you'll see fields, gardens, trees, flowers, "and all the ground of a pleasant green and covered with shady bowers." Maybe you'll see Charlie Chaplin. Bugloss, we are advised, will do the same, "and bows of poplar." And next day you can go to a psychoanalyst who will reduce you to penury and make you quite unhappy again.

To make yourself invisible, all you have to do—and we are very glad to pass on this particular information because invisibility is so very convenient in many trying situations,—all you have to do is to pierce the right eye of a bat and carry it around with you. Isn't that simple enough?

One gift that we have acquired, by means of this charming little book, is a good memory. Or we are just about to acquire it. That is, if we can get hold of a partridge. All that is necessary is to take the gall of a partridge and anoint the temples with it every month. "Your memory will be like that of Mnemon." You remember *his* memory. *We* remember often saying to him, "Mnemon, your memory is perfectly astounding!" He liked that too. He was a sweet old thing.

Of course, if you are afflicted with marasmus, the cure for that is a little harder, because you must dig mouse-ear herb on St. John's day, and then—there's the catch—you've got to hang the herb and roots around your neck. People will be bound to pass some remark about that when they see you. But you can probably turn it off airily, with a light laugh and perhaps a shrug and lift of the eyebrows. You can just say, "Oh, a mere touch of marasmus,—nothing serious!"

Have you got any black horses? And do you know how to make them white? Goat's gall,—paint them with it. Then you can sell them to Ringling. Horses remind me of stables. Witches have a habit of entering stables. Some horse owners are very troubled by these witches. Just the minute their back is turned the witch will scoot for the stable. But if you can get hold of some nice white elfencoop wood, all you have to do is to make plugs from it and drive them into all the doors and thresholds of the stable. You'd be surprised how it works. The witches simply can't enter. They flounce around for a while, and mutter, and make acid remarks, but presently they amble off on their brooms.

Still, you've probably got a Ford. All the witches nowadays, as a matter of fact, have substituted Fords for brooms, and they don't worry much about entering other people's garages. A neat little trick that will, therefore, probably be more immediately useful to you than the stable stunt is making yourself shot-proof, especially in New York City, what with the gunmen and all. At vesper tide, on the day of Peter and Paul, "there spring open waywort roots." Just ask the nearest hunter to procure some for you. Carry a root or so on your person. Then you can't possibly be hit, let alone shot. Or it'll be only a tire blowout. It's very convenient.

Of course, if you're sort of imaginative and temperamental, and desire to see miraculous things, you'll have to take a little more trouble. Get some Argentumorium, wrap it up in a rag, and write with wolf's blood on parchment certain words. We won't tell you the words. After all, you can buy the book. But if you carry the words somewhere about you, you will be honored by everyone, will get what you ask for,—and, if you hold the words in front of any lock, it will fly open. Of course, bandits can get hold of these words quite as easily as you can, and, if they do, there's no possible way of preventing them from walking right into your apartment. But then the bandits will probably take up being invisible also, just as soon as this paper is published. There'll probably be a corner in bat's-eyes worked by the bandits. So there you are.

They can learn to shoot with accuracy, too, without taking any lessons. But then so can the police. As well as being invisible also. We're playing no favorites. The recipe for shooting straight is to take a needle "wherewith the gown of a corpse has been sewed," and drive it into the stock of a rifle or gat.

And, if your property is stolen you can, of course, always regain it by accumulating three crumbs of bread, three pinches of salt, and three very small portions of lard. These you lay on a strong fire. You speak certain words, "while remaining alone." It's rather pretty poetry:

I lay for the thief, bread, salt and lard
Upon the flame, for thy sin is hard;
I lay it upon thy lung, liver and heart,
That thou may feel a bitter smart.
It shall come upon thee, need and dread,
As it approaches a dire death.
All veins shall in thy body burst,
And cause thee pain and quenchless thirst;
That thou shalt have no peace or rest,
Till all the theft thou hast returned
And place it where thou hast taken the plunder,
Or be caught by lightning and thunder.

You recite this three times, and it gets over big to the bandit. The quenchless thirst and the lightning and thunder are what they mind most. The former is expensive and the latter gets them into trouble with the police, because the incessant thunderstorms in our fair city soon arouse public protest and the police get to know full well who is to blame for them.

This verse is, of course, neither so neat nor so compact as that against fever, which runs

Nut tree, I come unto thee;
Take the seventy-seven fevers from me.

The idea is to hie to a nut tree ere the sun rises. That seems appropriate. Then you write the rhyme on a piece of paper and cut a piece of bark, and insert the paper under it, and recite three times, and put the bark in its place again. Don't bark yourself. Bark the tree. But don't bark up the wrong tree. You'll probably see lots of nuts around—but, of course, it's a nut tree. What kind is not specified.

Probably you haven't got the sweeny in your limbs, but for columnists a part of the incantation against it might be valuable nevertheless. It runs, (in part): Sloth leave thy marrow; sloth leave thy bone; sloth leave thy nerve; sloth leave thy blood; sloth be removed from thy skin. Then you mention sweeny.

For the editorial profession in general, there's the cure, of course, for a weak and dull head. "Take hold of an ant's hill, put them into a bag, boil the same for six hours in a kettle of water. Draw this water upon bottles and distil it in the sun. With such water wash the weak and dull head. If the disease is very bad, bathe the patient in such water. The blood of asses should also be drank."

But suppose we end upon a more lyrical note. The great thing in life, after all, is to be bold and amiable. Both these virtues may easily be procured by means of the stone called Actorius. It "is to be found in the craw of any old capon." There you are. Now don't ever say we didn't ever do anything for *you!* Selah.

Les Editions du Trianon are shortly to issue a hitherto unpublished "Intimate Journal" of Tolstoy. Particular interest attaches to the fact because the French edition precedes the Russian original, which will probably not be issued for some years to come.

Early in the autumn will appear an édition de luxe of 325 copies of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy, illustrated by Vivien Gribble, each copy signed by the author. The edition will soon be oversubscribed.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

ODTAA. By *John Masefield.* (Macmillan).

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By *F. Frankfort Moore.* (Duffield).

INDIA. By *Sir Valentine Chirol.* (Knopf).

I'M NOT sure that it is worth breaking an arm to get a chance to read Mark Sullivan's "Our Times: The Turn of The Century, 1900-1904" (Scribner) all through in one glorious gulp after another, as I've been doing, but it is worth being over forty years old, and that is also a matter that with some people calls for alleviation. For one must be in this stage of development to get the special stimulus, the salt and savor, of these juicy and nutritious pages. *Quorum pars fui*, shouts something back of the brain of any middle-aged American, whether he grew up on a Kansas farm or in the Ninth Ward of this city. For this is not only history as made by Platt or Dewey or Roosevelt, it is life as enriched by Weber and Fields and the horseless carriage, by Sears, Roebuck and Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, life to which Gibson held up an ideal and Dooley a mirror. I am amazed to find how little of this book is news to me. I would have said that for the greater part of these years I was submerged in my new and enchanting baby. Yet this abounding, vivacious, many-colored America must have been surging in and out of my consciousness all that time.

I am asked to bring to Paris this summer my own selection of representative American books of recent publication. This one heads the list. I will welcome advice from readers on the choice of eleven others from the spring's offerings, books by which the American abroad may keep in touch with home.

H. L. T., Boston, Mass., wishes to subscribe to two weeklies, one English, one French, that will keep him in touch with events in these countries, not excluding literature but with especial reference to politics. He does not mean the large illustrated magazines.

THE two that suit me best for my personal use are the *Observer* and *Cyrano*. The former is a British institution: read on the spot it is the chief alleviation of the British Sunday; overseas it brings the opinions of J. L. Garvin upon world events, those of St. John Ervine on current plays, many illuminating book-reviews by Gerald Gould and others, and such news as overflows local importance. *Cyrano* is a piquant political weekly, a *satirique hebdomadaire* printing signed articles by popular playwrights and men of letters and featuring a running (and jumping) commentary on the proceedings of the Senate and the Chamber. This periodical lately conducted a voting contest among its readers for the selection of the forty men and women that would best represent France on a journey to be taken by the modern Cyrano, like his historic namesake, to the moon. When these were selected, the paper at once opened another contest to see which twenty of them were to be brought back again.

The *Observer* is published at 22 Tudor St., London E. C. 4: *Cyrano* at 362, rue Saint-Honoré, Paris 1.

G. S. S., East Lansing, Mich., asks on what original edition of Boswell's "Johnson" is based the edition first edited by G. B. Hill in 1887, and published by the Clarendon Press in six volumes, and what are its merits as compared with the sixth edition under the editorship of Malone, 1811?

IN R. W. Chapman's note to his "Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson" he says: "In the advertisement to the 1791 edition of the 'Life' Boswell acknowledges his debt to his 'friend Mr. Malone, who was so good as to allow me to read to him almost the whole of my manuscript.' Many additions were made in the second edition (1793) and the author was revising the book for the third edition at his death. The third edition (1799) was accordingly superintended by Malone, who made further additions to the fourth, fifth, and sixth editons." Malone was therefore the first editor of the "Life" and had the great advantage of working hand-in-hand with the author in what has come to be "substantially the last lifetime edition." The accuracy of the text in this third edition has never been questioned, and its accuracy was ascertained by Birkbeck Hill, who compared it with earlier editions. All the Oxford editions of Boswell's "Johnson" are based on Malone's third edition of 1799. Birkbeck Hill followed it in his six-volume "Life," a task that took him twelve years to complete. To Malone's accuracy, Hill brought fast-ripening scholarship and life-long love for his subject. At the time of his death Birkbeck Hill was regarded by competent authorities as the greatest Boswell editor. Because of the addition of fuller references and scholarly notes, Birkbeck Hill's is now considered the standard library edition. One might say that you get more for your money in it. A reprint of it is now in preparation and will be ready before long. Meantime, if there be room with the Johnson lover for a book of excerpts, the best is the "Selections," by R. W. Chapman, from which I have quoted above (Oxford University Press). It does not pick out all the brilliant bits but tries to give, by judicious selections, a true picture of Johnson's character and of the Johnsonian circle.

S. W. G., New York, asks for a life of Florence Nightingale, and for novels or other works in which her life has been utilized as material.

SIR E. T. COOK'S "Life of Florence Nightingale" (Macmillan) of which a Memorial Edition was published in 1905, is out of print but accessible in many libraries: it considers her not only in her picturesque qualities but as organizer and administrator. "Florence Nightingale: the Angel of the Crimea," by Laura Richards (Appleton), is one of a series of lives of famous women. One may now, bracing himself for a slight shock, turn to Lytton Strachey's study of her in "Eminent Victorians" (Putnam). "Florence Nightingale," by E. G. Reid (Macmillan) is a full-length play based upon her career, and there is a set of "Florence Nightingale Tableaux" arranged by Gabrielle Elliott (Macmillan, paper).

J. A. W., El Paso, Tex., asks for books with information for budding authors on preparation of manuscripts, rights, and royalties, and anything concerning the business end of authorship.

"THE Business Side of Writing," by Holliday and Van Rensselaer (Doran), is lucid and concise, and covers all these matters and more. Holt is bringing out in the near future—no doubt before this gets into print—a book by Michael Joseph, a well-known literary agent in England, "How to Write a Short Story," while Harper will publish his "The Com-

(*Continued on next page*)

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This fine novel has now been published in England, where it went into a second edition in five days. Extracts from early British reviews follow:

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"This book contains what is probably the best picture of post-War restlessness that has yet been given to us in fiction."

The London Evening Standard says:
"A very true picture of a decade of disillusion."

The Manchester Guardian says:
"Expertness is not a quality on which one dwells when it occurs in the book of a veteran, but it surprises in this novel."

The London Times says:
"There is happily a touch of individual distinction in her handling of the subject."

The London Morning Post says:
"It is extremely well and wisely done."

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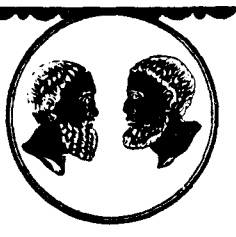

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The Readers Guide

(*Continued from preceeding page*)

mercial Side of Literature" at the same time. The beginner, I am assured, will do well to watch the advice given in magazines conducted especially for his use: *The Editor*, Highland Falls, N. Y., and *The Writer*, Cambridge, Mass., are well equipped.

E. M. N., Dixon, Ill., is much interested in etchings and wood-block prints, and would like to understand them more intelligently, so as to make more appreciative selection.

"IN MAKING and Collecting Etchings" (Boni & Liveright) was written by members of the Print Society (British) and considers the subject from many points of view: the papers were compiled and edited by its founder, E. Hesketh Hubbard. This is a good book for a prospective collector: it is illustrated. The new, enlarged edition of Frank Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art" (Macmillan) is a most valuable work from any standpoint: as a history, as a collector's friend, as a source of information on processes. His "How to Appreciate Prints" (Scribner) is a standard guide.

For the amateur in need of direction there are several well-known manuals: "Chats on Old Prints," by Arthur Hayden (Stokes), "Old Prints and Engravings," by *Frederick W. Burgess* (Putnam), which includes bookplates, tickets, and labels, military and sporting prints, and a small and stimulating book on "Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century," by William Aspinwall Bradley (Yale University Press), as well as Arthur Davison Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints" (Stokes). Rising a trifle in price come the important volumes in a series issued by the University of Chicago Press, "Engravers and Etchers," by Fitzroy Carrington, and "The Graphic Arts," by Joseph Pennell; a beautifully made and illustrated book on etchings and engravings, "From Holbein to Whistler," by A. M. Brooks (Yale University Press), Joseph Pennell's "Etchers and Etchings" in a new and less expensive edition (Macmillan), and "The Modern Woodcut," by Herbert Furst (Dodd, Mead) which has 250 illustrations. The publications of Alfred Fowler, Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, Mo., should be included, especially "The Woodcut Annual" and his "Bookplates for Beginners." Joseph Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship" (Macmillan) is expensive but certainly belongs on this list, and one could not in reason omit his unreasonable and exhilarating "Adventures of an Illustrator" (Little, Brown), whose illustrations are a mine of richness. Of recent collections some of the most important are "Fine Prints of the Year 1925," edited by Malcolm C. Salaman (Minton, Balch); the same editor's series of "Modern Masters of Etching," published by the International Studio, London; "Franklin Booth: Sixty Reproductions from Original Drawings" (Frank), with an appreciation by Earnest Elmo Calkins and an introduction by Meredith Nicholson; "Laura Knight: a Book of Drawings" (Dutton), and a limited and luxurious edition of "Famous Prints: Masterpieces of Graphic Art Reproduced from Rare Originals," edited by Frank Weitenkampf, which I have not seen but which sounds exciting (Scribner).

E. G. L., Virginia, is looking for a pageant for a garden club's use.

"AMERICA TRIUMPHANT" is a patriotic pageant by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, just published by Appleton; it is intended to meet the needs for pageantry created by a group of anniversaries such as the sesqui-centennial of the Declaration, the tercentenary of the purchase of Manhattan from the Indians, the 150th anniversary of the Stars and Stripes, all of which are impending. It is adapted for use anywhere in America, but would be especially good material for patriotic societies of women along the Atlantic coast. There are unusually full directions for production. Any committee with a pageant on its mind should get "A List of Music for Plays and Pageants," by Roland Holt (Appleton), a little book whose usefulness will be apparent to anyone who has tried to arrange appropriate musical accompaniment to amateur entertainments. It does not go beyond the resources of small societies, and its advice is as practical as its selections.

Speaking of anniversaries, Samuel French publishes a four-act colonial comedy, "The Belle of Philadelphia Town," by Pauline Phelps and Marian Short, which suggests itself for such use; the scene is laid in 1730. There are several plays that would be suitable for patriotic societies on the list of "Plays for Schools and Colleges" (Nat. Council of Teachers of English, 506 West 69th street, Chicago).

On the Air

REVIEWS of the following articles appearing in the April magazines, selected by a council of librarians, and prepared under the direction of *The Saturday Review*, were recently broadcast through Station WOR:

ENGLISH POTS AND AMERICAN KETTLES. FRANK SWINNERTON in *Harper's Magazine*.

What Englishmen think of Americans, what Americans think of Englishmen, where they are both wrong, and why they both should restrain some citizens from traveling is amusingly told by an accomplished British novelist who knows both countries.

THE JAMESON RAID AND THE WORLD WAR. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND in *Scribners*.

One of the leaders of the revolution in Transvaal tells the inside story of the trial of the revolutionists, the result and its final influence on the World War. Continued from last month.

CHANGING ENGLAND. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM in *Century*.

This article tells of the breaking up of the old village social order in England and the partial cowing of the middle class. Even though the social changes may be temporary, they are very evident.

AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD. H. V. KALTENBORN in *Century*.

The author finds that America's power and opportunity are world-wide. Now that we have won material power it remains for us to achieve spiritual leadership by responding to the instincts and traditions of our American heritage.

THE PROPAGANDA AGAINST PROHIBITION. ALLAN L. BENSON in *Good Housekeeping*.

In a very interesting manner, Mr. Benson carefully analyzes the daily report of the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment. Before you believe the next anti-prohibition story you hear, he asks that you read his article.

THE ANATOMY OF JAZZ. DON KNOWLTON in *Harper's Magazine*.

Now that George Gershwin has broken into the symphony orchestras, national discussion of the place of jazz in modern music is in order. Here it is, written so that any one with an elementary knowledge of music can profit by it.

WHAT IS DISARMAMENT? General TASKER H. BLISS in *Foreign Affairs*.

The former Chief of Staff of the United States Army studies the problem that will come before the proposed disarmament conference. He writes as a practical soldier of long experience and as an idealist.

THE PLASTIC YEARS. JOSEPH K. HART in *Survey Graphic*.

The one place in the world where the questionings of youth are dealt with seriously as the foundation of education is the Danish folk high schools. This article describes the methods of teaching and the amazing results.

HINDENBURG. T. H. THOMAS in *Atlantic Monthly*.

An American Staff Officer portrays the German General as he was on the stage of the war and behind the scenes. On the whole he finds him very capable in war and in politics.

THE REACTION FROM LOCARNO. FRANK H. SIMONDS in *Review of Reviews*.

The author tries to make clear the international political outlook of London and Paris, indicating why there has been a decided lack of enthusiasm for any immediate Arms Conference and explaining the temporary reaction from Locarno.

Alfred Blanchet, author of "Nicole et Ramsès," has written an interesting story in "Ma Fille est si Bien Elevée!" (Calmann-Lévy), which opens with some excellent scenes of provincial society in Toulouse. Estelle du Tremblay, the heroine, first appears in this humorous atmosphere, but her life soon develops on totally different lines. She has been so well brought up!, says the ironical title of the book, by a foolish and common but virtuous mother who believes in the old-fashioned restriction of girls. So she is sent to a convent in Paris, but all to no purpose, for she is a born minx and remains so to the end.

Erratum

By a regrettable error the gift described in the following note was credited to Yale instead of Harvard in our issue of March 20:

As a matter of fact rare editions of thirty-five seventeenth century English poets were recently given to the Widener Library at Harvard and are now on exhibition in the Treasure Room. The gift was made in memory of Lionel de Jersey, Harvard '15, a lineal descendant of John Harvard, who was killed in action at Boisleux-au-Mont on March 30, 1918. The donor has requested that his name be withheld. The poets represented include John Cleveland, Abraham Cowley, Thomas Stanley, Sir John Suckling, Sir John Taylor, George Wither, Frances Quarles, Henry Vaughan, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, John Davies, John Taylor, the Water-Poet; Giles Fletcher, the younger; Sir William Davenant, James Harrington, Richard Crashaw, Sir John Denham, Francis Hubert, Robert Anton, Thomas Nabbes, George Buck, John Hepwith, Samuel Rowlands, Nicholas Hooker, Alexander Rosse, Thomas Carew, Robert Stapleton, Joseph Hall, Richard Lovelace, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, Richard Flecknoe, and Nicholas Breton.

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Before sailing for London to attend the Britwell Court Library sale, Byrne Hackett of the Brick Row Book Shop made arrangements for the publication of "A Census of Manuscripts of Oliver Goldsmith," by Katherine C. Balderston of Wellesley College. The work, which is now in press, is to be published this spring.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Saturday Review of Literature published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926.
County of New York } ss:
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who having been duly sworn, according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Saturday Review of Literature and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above capition, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day April, 1926.

(Seal) Charles B. Frasca.
(My commission expires March 30, 1927).

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE CLAWSON LIBRARY

THE Elizabethan and early Stuart library of John L. Clawson of Buffalo, said to be the finest of its size in the world, covering the golden age of English literature from the Reformation to the Restoration, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries May 27 and 28. This collection contains about 900 volumes and Seymour de Ricci, in the fine catalogue printed in 1924 said, "No better general collection of Elizabethan literature exists in private hands."

Mr. Clawson began collecting by buying any rare book that pleased him, but in 1916 decided to concentrate on the century beginning 1560 and ending 1660, from the Reformation to the Restoration, from Tottel's "Miscellany" to Milton. The decade since has furnished many golden opportunities. Mr. Clawson bought some of the choicest Lefferts books at the Hagen sale in 1918, and in the collections of H. V. Jones, J. Pearson, H. Buxton Forman, W. T. Wallace, H. E. Huntington sold in recent years he was a heavy buyer. In London he secured many of the rarest volumes in the later Huth, Lord Mostyn, and Britwell Court sales. The result is a finely rounded library wonderfully complete for the period it covers.

The earlier part of the period covered by the library is represented by a few selected items, such as the beautiful copy of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," a matchless copy of Caxton's press. But poetry is very fully illustrated by all the more celebrated works of the whole period, starting even with the earlier productions of Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Rolle of Hampole, and John Skelton and continuing in the later years with such extreme rarities as Tottel's "Miscellany," already mentioned; Watson's "Hekatompathia," and the selected works of Turbervill-, Churchyard, Robert Greene, and Nicholas Breton; while in the seventeenth century, Donne, Wither, and Brathwaite lead up to Milton, who is fully represented both in prose and verse. One of the very rarest of Elizabethan books is here—Thomas Brewer's "A Knot of Fooles," 1624; the only other known copy, the Bridgewater copy is in the Huntington Library. Only one other copy is known also of William Hornby's poem, "The Scourge of Drunkenness," 1618. This rarity has a long pedigree, having been in the collections of Thomas Park, Sir Mark Sykes, Richard Heber, the Rev. Thomas Corser, and Henry Huth.

In dramatic literature, Shakespeare is represented by a splendid series of the priceless Quartos, a remarkable collection of source and allusion books, nearly all of the greatest scarcity and perhaps the most coveted of Elizabethan treasures. For the other dramatic authors of the period, Mr. Clawson's aim has been to build up a series of their plays in first editions. So full is his library in this respect that it may be doubted whether a more complete set of these plays exists outside of the British Museum and the Huntington Library. Few, if any, other libraries in the world contain such an array of Interludes, or of nearly complete sets of the plays by Lyly and Greene, Ben Jonson, Day, Chapman, Massinger, Heywood, Shirley, Marlowe, Ford, and Dekker.

Two sections of the library will appeal especially to lovers of the quaint and curious literature: the remarkable gathering of poems by the eccentric John Taylor—more than forty items; and the unrivalled series of sixteenth century satires upon women and drink. In no other library are these curiosities more brilliantly represented.

The dispersal of this collection is a bibliographical event of outstanding importance. Mr. Clawson will take his place in the small circle of great collectors, and bibliophiles will have an opportunity that comes only at long intervals.

A FORTHCOMING SALE

THE fine collection of cookery books formed by Mrs. Claudia Quigley Murphy of this city, comprising 250 lots, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries April 19. The collector in a foreword says that "there is an actual gusto in cookery books that cannot be found in any other type of books—so a collection of cookery books is more than a collation of titles. It includes the intimate knowledge and profound experience of those thoughtful souls who made record of the admired hospitality of yesterday and yesterday's yesterday. Here stand the records of the foundation of the gentle art of cookery as it lives with us today and these records are so clear in their directions, so definite in ingredients, that we know how our gastronomic tastes have been developed and our desire for good living made possible. This collection of books is quite what the foreword would lead one to expect. Here is a careful selection of books covering two centuries, many of which are very rare. For instance, here is Sir Kenelm Digby's "Choice and Experimented Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery," etc., London, 1669; John Evelyn's "Acetaria," London, 1669; the Countess of Kent's "Choice Manual of Rare and Select Secrets in Physick and Chirurgery," London, 1655, and many other volumes of similar rarity.

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ROUGH JUSTICE

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The Phoenix Nest

IN a week or two you may be either moving or planning how to avoid it. It's that time of year! * * * Well, *Commander Fitzhugh Green* of our Navy has experienced fifty-two moves and still lives. One of his moves was to the Eskimo regions! But he has written a book, "I'll Never Move Again," to which *Don Herold*, the so-comic draughtsman, has added amusing pictures. * * * The author has been a member of housing committees in several cities. He has collected a great deal of information that should be valuable to nomadic Americans. You can learn from him how to handle your landlord, what's wrong with your lease, all about subletting, what to do about the corner policeman and how to mend the kitchen sink. * * * In fact, every possible side of this business of being a householder is discussed, as well as being depicted by Mr. Herold. The book comes from Dutton. * * * And we had just finished writing that, when we took a look at another book on our desk, a big book with a blue jacket and a fur-encompassed face gazing forth from it. The lettering read, "Peary, The Man Who Refused to Fail,—by *Fitzhugh Green*" (Putnam). * * * This is, indeed, the long-awaited biography of Peary, and Commander Green, with his own four-year sojourn in the Arctic, was certainly the man to write it. * * * He is indeed versatile. * * * *J. C. Snaith's* latest novel is called "What Is To Be." Hereditary crowns and Balkan thrones lend glamour to this romance. * , * A good little thriller that fits the pocket and is easy to read on the train is *Arthur Stringer's* "In Bad With Sinbad" (Bobbs-Merrill). The action simply riots. * * * We have received the following letter, apropos of "*E. Nesbit*," from *Livingston Goddard*, the Groton School, Groton, Massachusetts:

Dear Phoenician:

I must apologize right off for the admission that I read your column assiduously. Not that the trouble lies with your page but that all of your would-be correspondents must say that too.

I am awfully glad that some one reads and appreciates E. Nesbit's books besides children.

I first found them in the children's department of the New York Public Library. I read the few that were there, and have been looking for the rest ever since. Even in London, when I was there three years ago, they said that the books were out of print, while of course the New York book stores do not carry any of her books.

Seven or eight years ago when I went to the children's department of the New York Library in a professional capacity, that is, a member in good standing, there were about five or six of Mrs. Bland's books. All of them had been rebound several times even then.

Now there are only two left and both were out when I looked for them on the shelves.

I repeat I am very glad that they are being published again, thanks to you.

Gratefully yours, etc., etc.

* * * We hear that *Harry Hervey* was in town a week or so ago, to see his publishers about his coming book, which is an account of his recent discoveries and adventures on his Angkor expedition. The tentative title for it is "Dark Gods and White Men." * * * Macmillan has just brought out *Sean O'Casey's* new play, "The Plough and the Stars," the one that caused all the trouble in Dublin. O'Casey writes in intervals of being a builder's laborer, and has just received the Hawthornden prize for his play of last year, "Juno and the Paycock," now on in New York. * * * *Rebecca Lawrence Lowrie* (Mrs. John Lowrie), the distinguished editress connected with Harper and Brothers, has been doing interesting things with an alumnæ magazine. The magazine is the old *Vassar Quarterly*. * * * Most alumnæ magazines are dull compendiums of class notes and statistics. The March number of the *Vassar Quarterly*, which has come to our desk, is quite different. It contains contributions from outside, notably *Lee Wilson Dodd's* entertaining "address to any woman's club." It gives every sign of life. * * * A good book of essays we mention again is *Christopher Morley's* "The Romany Stain." * * * Looking through *Edgar Saltus's* "The Pomps of Satan," a new edition of which has just been brought out by Brentano's, we came upon this:

People nowadays have not so much time to spare. In the future they will have less. In the next generation, what with airships, telectroscopes, and interplanetary news, they will have none—or rather none for the light yet heavy reading of today.

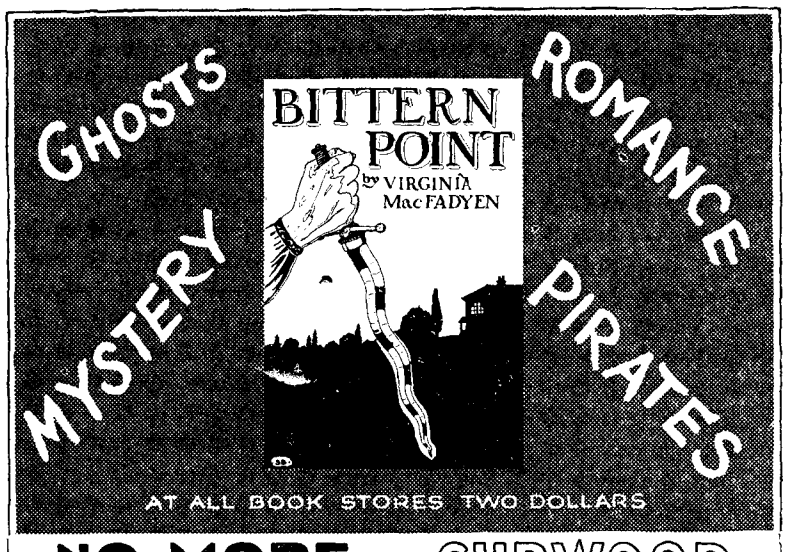
Literature then will be electric. Instead of fat books stuffed with nauseous phraseology, there will be brief pages of brilliant ideas. Instead of padding their wares, authors will aim to say as much as possible in the fewest possible words. When that day comes the models of literary excellence will not be the long and windy sentences of accredited bores, but ample brevities, such as the "N" on Napoleon's tomb, in which, in less than a syllable, an epoch, and the glory of it, is resumed.

* * * Though Mr. Morley and others have probably said this long since, a new novel you can be absolutely sure will be worth reading is "Rough Justice," by *C. E. Montague*, author of "Fiery Particles," "A Hind Let Loose," etc. It is a story of two people born in the good old yellow nineties. * * * Mr. Montague has now retired from his long editorship on *The Manchester Guardian* to devote his entire time to writing. * * * Recent copies of *The Irish Statesman*, edited by "*A E*" (*G. W. Russell*), inform us of the death of Miss *Susan Mitchell*, associated with the *Statesman* since its inception. Anything signed S. L. M. was sure to be worth reading. * * * Her lyrics in her book of poems, "The Living Chalice," are beautiful, and in "Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons." * * * "It was as the wittiest woman in Dublin," says "A E," writing of her, "that most knew her." She was once called "a crater of epithet." Here is a verse of hers:

No bigger than a bulrush, I
Beside the rushy Shannon cry.
There are no children on the shore,
The singing voices sing no more,
The sea draws all her rivers down,
And love has sailed from Carrick town.

* * * We have just begun on an advance copy of *Christopher Ward's* first novel, "One Little Man." As might have been expected from his extremely clever and entertaining parodies he proves once more that he was "born" to the pen—or to the typewriter—yet there are few parodists who can achieve so well when creative work of their own is toward. This one's fiction is both sprightly and incisive. * * * And so *adieu* until the morrow day!

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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